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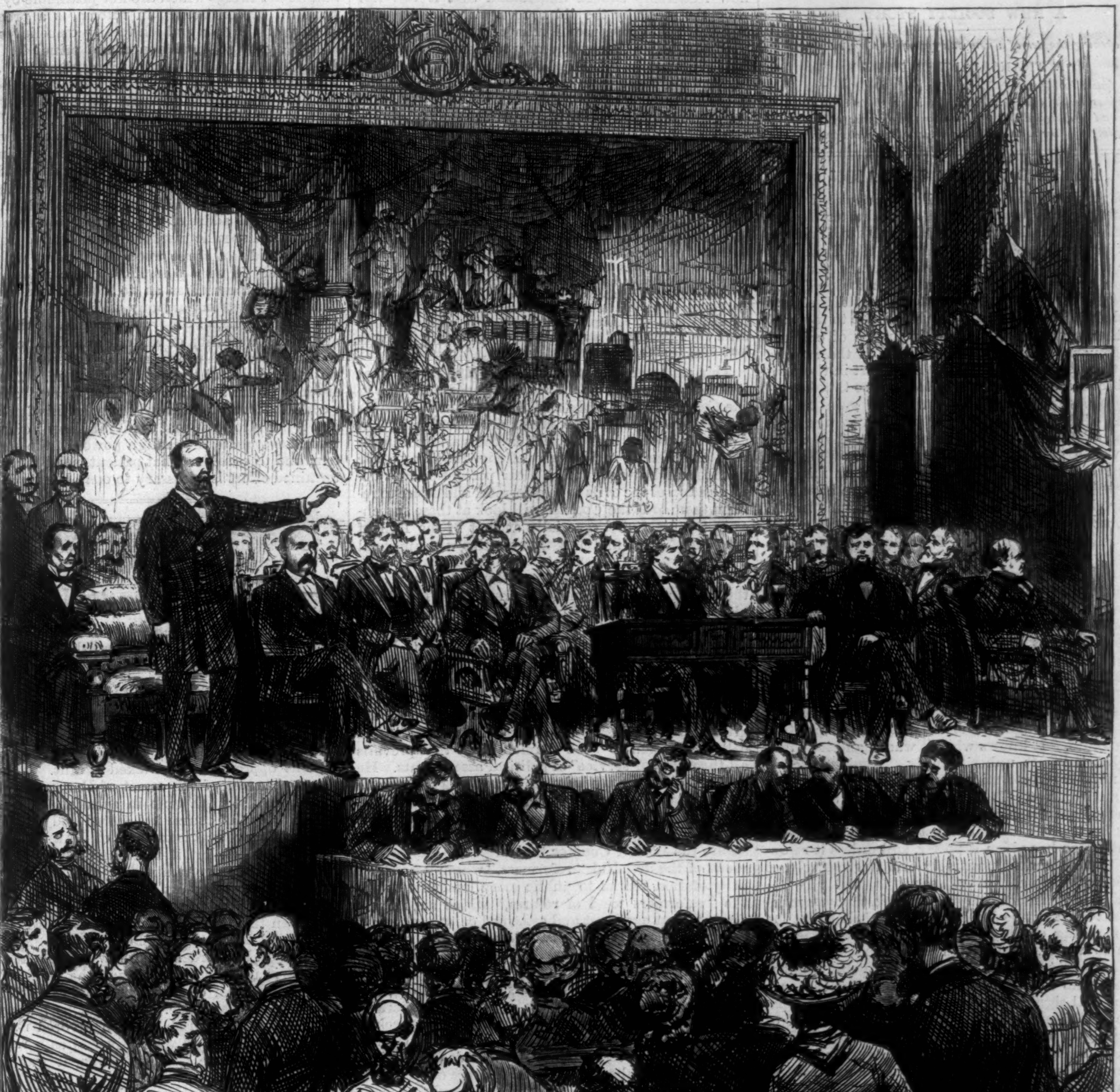


Hon. D. N. Sperry, Connecticut. Governor Jarvis, North Carolina. Benjamin E. Crane. R. J. Lowry. Governor Bigelow, Connecticut. H. J. Kimball, Director-General. Governor Colquit, Georgia. Governor Hoyt, Pennsylvania. Ex-Governor Bross, Illinois. Governor Blackburn, Kentucky.

THE ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION—RECEPTION TO VISITING GOVERNORS.—FROM A SKETCH BY HORACE BRADLEY.

GOVERNORS AT ATLANTA.

THURSDAY, October 27, was a gala day in Atlanta. The Governors of Pennsylvania, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Connecticut, and ex-Governor BROSS, of Illinois, were received as guests by Governor COLQUITT, of Georgia, and were tendered an enthusiastic reception in the Exposition Building. After making the rounds of the various rooms, and inspecting the exhibits, the guests were conducted into the main hall, and ascended the platform. A fine painting, entitled "The New South," by MOSER, represented in the background of our illustration, was unveiled, and was greeted with warm admiration by the audience.

Governor COLQUITT then welcomed the guests in an admirable speech, in the course of which he said that occasions of this kind were "the surest and best means of binding the people of these States in one great, glorious, grand sisterhood," and that the "rivalry of good-will" would "brighten the golden chain" that holds them together. The visiting Governors responded in a similar train of thought. Governor JARVIS, of North Carolina, spoke earnestly of the vast but undeveloped resources of the South, and of the sincere welcome which awaits capital and immigration from the North; but he added that the great problem of development and prosperity must be worked out by the people of the South for themselves. "Young men," he said, "the future of your country depends upon you. There is one thing that I love, and one thing that I turn my back upon. Wherever I see a young man in the South that is not afraid or ashamed to work, I want to take him by the hand; and whenever I see one that is a loafer, and idle, I have no kind word for him, but good-by to him." After the reception the guests sat down to a grand dinner at the Exposition Hotel, at which the speeches were full of genuine sentiment and pleasant humor.

An interesting incident occurred while the Governors were making the round of the buildings, and that was the manufacture of two suits of clothes—one given to Governor COLQUITT, and the other to Governor BIGELOW. The cotton used in these clothes was plucked, ginned, spun, and woven while the Governors were on the ground—a wonderful and perhaps unprecedented illustration of expertness in textile manufacture.

On page 756 will be found an illustration of a singular contrast between the old and the new to be seen at the Atlanta Exposition. At one place in the Main Building the most perfect and most delicate spindles that have been made are doing their noiseless work of making thread. A rosy New England girl leisurely manages the wonderful piece of mechanism, and finds time from her spinning of a hundred threads at once to smile at the old grandmother on her left, who slowly, with much buzz and ado, and an antique "head rag," spins one thread on a spinning-wheel whose rickety structure tells of a hundred years of service.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 106 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued November 8, contains, besides the serial story, an interesting and instructive article on Rocks, by* CHARLES BARNARD, *with an illustration; a beautiful fairy story by* LILLIE E. BARR; *the Second Part of "The Surprising Adventures of Ben Buttles," illustrated; an account of the game of Lacrosse, with a spirited illustration; a lively description of an Ostrich Farm in South Africa, by* LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, *illustrated; a picture-page of "Nursery Rhymes"; and other attractive features.*

A NEW SOCIETY STORY.

The opening chapter of a new and sparkling story, entitled

"A TRANSPLANTED ROSE,"

will be found in HARPER'S BAZAR *No. 49. The story will depict the various trials and perplexities of a neophyte in New York society, and is designed to afford, under the disguise of fiction, an inside glimpse of the most exclusive circles of the metropolis.*

THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE result of the elections will be announced when this paper is issued. As we stated after the Republican nominations were made in New York, the result in that State will depend upon the disposition of the wing of the party that was beaten in the Convention, and which is known as the machine. Our impression has been that this body would prefer to see a defeat, in order that it might be able to say that the other wing of the party is incapable of efficient management. We shall be gratified if the returns show that such feelings have had no part in the election, because we see no reason to suppose that honest and progressive administration would gain by the success of the Democratic party. But it would be a great misfortune if it were not clearly shown that they would gain by Republican victory. We are obliged to repeat that this was not borne in mind by the new Republican leadership. While we hope that the elections will show continued confidence in the party, we can not but admit that some details of the party management in New York did not show that it deserved that confidence. The party feeling as shown by the elections to the late State Convention was not turned to the best possible account. Those elections showed an insurrection and a revolution. The protest against the recent direction and tendency of the party was prodigious. It was in its way as remarkable as any event in the political history of the State. But the immense advantage will be certainly lost if it is not seized in the most courageous manner. A mere negative opposition to the old machine is not enough. The old machine is positive and resolute. It knows what it wants, and it strikes for what it wants unhesitatingly. Against such a spirit negative irresolution is an earthen pot colliding with an iron pot. It will be hopelessly shattered. The new Republican leadership of New York can not safely imitate the old. It must understand the sentiment which has given it power, and unless it represents that sentiment positively and aggressively, it will be ignominiously overthrown.

If the party should carry New York, the new management must not be deceived into the belief that the only meaning of the late party revolution was the desire to see new engineers of the machine. Undoubtedly that alone would satisfy a great number of those who effected the revolution. But that was not the real significance of the event. It was impatience of the system, and disgust with the kind of management which such a system necessarily produces, that occasioned the Republican uprising of this autumn. The strength and hope of the new control are in the anti-machine principle. It must stand for something more than a change of persons. It is not CONKLING, but Conklingism, which is the enemy. If the Republicans are beaten in New York, it will be all the more necessary for the new management to comprehend that future success will depend upon the hearty adoption of the principle which it really represents. In his excellent article upon "The Appointing Power," in the *North American Review* for November, Senator HOAR says, "Even some of our best civil service reformers seem to have lost their sense of great public evils, and sometimes even their capacity for indignation at great public crimes, in their honest zeal for the promotion of this reform." But there are many persons—and their number is rapidly increasing—who hold that the administrative abuses which are to be reformed are among the greatest of public evils, and the co-operation of such persons can not be safely risked. We agree with the Senator that parties are at present the necessary agencies of progress and good government; but in order to make and keep a party effective, its leaders must have a very clear apprehension of the relative force of different views within the party.

The new Republican leadership in New York logically represents, not personal change, but change of methods. Its permanent success will depend upon its hearty recognition of this fact, and its prompt practical acceptance of it. In this view, the assessing circular of its State Committee was a blunder as well as an offense. Had the committee frankly announced its renunciation of the evil method, and appealed to the party at large, it would have collected as much money, and greatly have aided the prestige of the party. The circular of Mr. HUGH GARDNER to the Post-office clerks, and his attendance at the Astor House, ought to have cost, and probably did cost, the Republican party a great many votes. For the feeling that overthrew the late machine was in large part indignation and disgust with just such action as that of Mr. HUGH GARDNER. Whatever the result of the election, it is imperatively necessary that the new leadership should understand that it can not rally the party by the old abuses. The intelligence and patriotism and moral conviction which are the real Republican force are ready to respond to an appeal of principle. The fight that interests the country is the contest with bosses and machines, and the Republican party of New York can not afford to spare from its ranks those who are eager for that fray.

GARFIELD AND REFORM.

THE Lowell *Courier*, one of the most intrepid of the spoils organs, says:

"It is the fashion to harness the late President to the 'reform' car in a most unwarrantable manner; but President GARFIELD was no more a 'reformer' (we use this term always in its technical and party sense) than was Mr. BLAINE or Mr. CONKLING.... And when you come to consider his official acts as President, there isn't one of them (unless it be the appointment of MACVEAGH to his cabinet) which shows that he had the slighest sympathy with the 'reformers'' kind of reform, while almost every appointment he made was a pronounced slap at the new system which finds such hard work to make headway."

This statement we presume to be due to the total ignorance of the *Courier*. If that paper will turn to the *Congressional Globe and Record*, it will discover that President GARFIELD, when a Representative in Congress, took a leading part in the various reform debates, speaking incidentally oftener than any other member, and always with a clear perception and denunciation of the evils to be reformed, and desire to reform them. If the *Courier* will look at these speeches in Congress, and especially at that of the 19th of April, 1872, it will find GARFIELD quoting with approval General GRANT'S statement in his first message upon the subject, that "the present system does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men, for public place." General GARFIELD said also, "There is no great and eminently successful department of the government which has not been made so by being taken out of the ordinary channels of political management." And after citing some of them he added, "It is because we want to lift other departments to a similarly high plane that we ask the power of Congress to some measure of civil service reform." He called attention to "the shameful fact that prevails all through our service" of political assessments. He further said, "In my judgment, one thing is absolutely necessary, that is, that the Congress of the United States shall abdicate its usurped and pretended right to dictate appointments to the Chief Executive." We assure the Lowell *Courier* that these are the precise views of the dreadful "reformers," whom it holds up in quotation marks to public scorn, and that this is the "reformers' kind of reform," which apparently disgusts that excellent and esteemed contemporary.

But this is only an illustration of the facts which it was the duty of the Lowell *Courier* to know before making its assertion. In an address at Williams College, General GARFIELD declared that "nothing less than absolute divorce of the appointing functions from Congress can remedy the evil." In a speech at Athens, Ohio, in 1879, he said: "Let it once be fully understood that continuance in office depends solely upon the faithful and efficient discharge of its duties, and that no man is to be removed merely to make place for another, and the reform will be half accomplished. Again, the appointing power must be liberated from Congressional control;.... they [members of Congress] should not be allowed to use the patronage of the Executive as a means of paying political debts." Let the Lowell *Courier* turn to General GARFIELD'S article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1877, upon "The Century of Congress," and it will find him stating strongly the familiar evils of the spoils system, and saying, "To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship." And on the 23d of July, 1880, a little more than three months before he was elected President, General GARFIELD said to a correspondent in Cleveland that "he was as heartily in sympathy with the movement for an intelligent and permanent reform of the civil service as ever. As in his seat in Congress he had always done what he could by word and deed to bring about such a reform, so as President, if elected, he will seek in every way possible to make it practicable and permanent."

In the face of these constant and strong declarations, the assertion of the Lowell *Courier* that President GARFIELD "had not the slightest sympathy with the reformers' kind of reform" is a gross libel upon his memory. The "reformers" aim at a divorce of the appointing functions from Congress; so did GARFIELD. They denounce political assessments; so did GARFIELD. They would have official tenure depend upon faithful and efficient discharge of duty; so would GARFIELD. They would have no man removed merely to make place for another; so would GARFIELD. These are cardinal points of reform, and upon all of them GARFIELD was a "reformer," and believed in the reformers' kind of reform. When he became President, he did some things that were inconsistent with these views. He felt the pressure that overwhelmed General GRANT, and that President HAYES could resist only at certain points. But to claim President GARFIELD as one of the spoilsmen because in the first three months of his administration he did things which are not justifiable by a high standard of consistency in reform, is a proceeding worthy of the spirit which totally disbelieves in the possibility of political honor and principle. President GARFIELD called into his cabinet Mr. JAMES, who had "reformed" the New York Post-office, and Mr. MACVEAGH, who was president of a Reform Association. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. WINDOM, personally satisfying himself of the practical value of reform in the New York Custom-house, continued it. A general scheme of reformed methods was in contemplation when the President was shot, and the President, in accordance with the express declarations of his inaugural address, would undoubtedly have recommended specific measures of reform to Congress. That he did not agree upon every point with every "reformer" is very possible, because reformers differ among themselves as to details and methods. But that he was in harmony with their general view of existing evils, of the true principles of the service, and of the necessity of reform, and that he intended to take some such course as Mr. WINDOM describes, is no more doubtful than that he said so. The inconsistency of his action is but another evidence of the resistless force of those evils, not of his insincerity; and it is a strong appeal to all intelligent citizens not to underestimate the malign power of the spoils system, and to consider what patient, persistent, and determined effort is necessary to complete its downfall.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

THE tragedy of Ireland could not be more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that an Irish meeting in New York denounces Mr. GLADSTONE and OLIVER CROMWELL as equally enemies of Ireland. CROMWELL is the hated English name in Ireland. GLADSTONE is the one man, in the long series of English statesmen who have dealt with the sister island, who has renounced English prejudice and unreason, and offered a remedy for evils which is founded upon clear perception of Irish grievances, and a sincere and intelligent sympathy with them. Yet he is classed with the red-handed OLIVER as a deadly foe, and his name is hissed and heaped with execrations as that of a malignant oppressor and wicked tyrant. This is not merely because of the arrest of PARNELL, for it has long been the Irish tone in speaking of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is of course imbittered and intensified by the summary imprisonment of PARNELL and the League leaders, but it is unquestionable that those leaders would have treated any man, and any proposition which fell short of their utmost demand, as they have treated Mr. GLADSTONE and the Land Bill. Irishmen like CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, whose recent memoir of the Young Ireland of O'CONNELL'S time shows both how ardent and how intelligent an Irishman he is, urged acquiescence in the Land Bill as the certain precursor of all that Ireland can ask short of absolute independence. The bishops had approved it. An immense Irish opinion favored it. Its acceptance in England was universal as a radical but necessary measure. Its operation, it was believed, was sure to pacify the country.

But Mr. PARNELL has declared that his ultimate object is independence. He wishes Irish pacification upon no other terms, and his plan, of course, was to see how he could best obstruct the normal operation of the law. His movement, as GOLDWIN SMITH asserts in his letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was essentially political and revolutionary. The question for the British Government was whether it should be superseded by a secret conspiracy whose object was the dismemberment of the empire, and it has taken the course which the best Liberals in England regard as a sad and even ignominious course, but a necessity. This is the view of the *Spectator* and of GOLDWIN SMITH himself. It is also very significant that the Catholic archbishops CROKE and MCCABE unreservedly condemn the last action of the Land League as absolutely anarchical and communistic; and as the priesthood holds still the real leadership of Ireland, the protest of the bishops marks practically the moral overthrow of the League, which the Government had legally disbanded. To assail the principle of authority and of vested rights is to strike at the palladium of the Church of Rome, and the Irish bishops protest because they instinctively feel that the manifesto of the League is logically aimed at the Church as well

as at landlordism. But amid all the sadness of the present Irish situation there is one fact which happily distinguishes it from every other similar contest. Mr. GLADSTONE, who more than any other man speaks for the governing sentiment of England, has recently said, in a public speech, that he would gladly see in Ireland some form of local self-government which should not be inconsistent with the imperial sovereignty; and GOLDWIN SMITH, in his forcible letter, regrets that Ireland was ever conquered, but since that is irrevocable, and separation is impossible, he also says that he believes a certain measure of self-government would be entirely satisfactory to the truest Irish patriotism—a desire with which he heartily sympathizes.

Those in every country who admire the unequalled powers and the marvellous career of Mr. GLADSTONE, while they delight to see in him at seventy-two a vigor and a comprehensive mastery of affairs quite beyond precedent, can not but feel that envious time will hardly permit him to accomplish the task which we have no doubt he would undertake as soon as the Land Bill pacifies Irish feeling by its plain justice, the task of restoring to Ireland its own internal government. This would be the crown of his public life. It would give him a greater and prouder fame than that of any English statesman. But even should this task be impracticable, he has already shown the desire and the ability to right Irish wrongs by justice and humane sympathy—a renown beyond that of any predecessor. It is not weakness in a statesman to hate bloodshed, nor cowardice to delay to the last the grasp of the iron hand. Mr. GLADSTONE has struck at the very moment when civil order and humanity would have blamed him for not striking. Nothing shows more clearly the courage of great leadership than his acceptance of the stern necessity of the Irish situation. His action is a blow of peace, not of war.

WOMEN AT THE SCHOOL ELECTIONS.

AT the late school election in Flushing there were 1117 votes cast for trustee, of which Mr. DOWNING received 675, and Mrs. JUDD 442. There were 359 ladies who voted, and assuming that they all voted for Mrs. JUDD, there were 83 gentlemen who voted for that lady. It is, however, doubtful whether all the "female votes," as they are called in some of the reports, were thrown for Mrs. JUDD, and if not, there was a very promising mingling of the ballots. The reports made a good deal of fun of the conduct of the ladies at the polls; but there was nothing upon their part which was in the least unseemly, and their want of familiarity with the simple methods of an election was certainly due to no fault of theirs. In some of the districts of the State women were elected trustees, although the whole number of women who voted does not seem to have been very large. In Massachusetts the number of women who registered to qualify themselves for voting at the school elections was, we understand, smaller than last year, when it was very small.

Under the existing laws a serious question for intelligent women arises. The great multitude of them would prefer probably not to vote at all. But it is now a question of duty rather than of taste. The district schools are open both to boys and girls, and they are filled with them. From the age of five years onward, girls pass some hours of every school day in school. The general regulations are made by the trustees. These regulations ought to be made, so far as girls are concerned, with especial knowledge of their wants, which men can not have. There are women teachers, indeed, but they can not confer upon some subjects with men as with trustees of their own sex. The interest of mothers in the schools being as great as that of fathers, and the desirability of womanly knowledge and experience in boards of trustees being conceded, the Legislature, in deference to public opinion, has authorized the election of women as trustees. Under these circumstances it becomes a public duty for all intelligent women to use the franchise which has been conferred upon them, even at the cost of trouble and distaste.

The discharge of this duty has also a peculiar interest and obligation for those who regard the general electoral disability of women as unjust. Upon the American principle that there should be no taxation without representation, since women are taxed as property-holders, they can not be logically excluded from the suffrage. But however logical the claim of any non-voting class to the suffrage may be, the law will hardly give it to them so long as they are indifferent or even opposed to receiving it. The argument against general suffrage has now resolved itself into the phrase that women will vote when they show that they wish to. This feeling is strictly according to the practical political genius of the English race, which is not at all logical. It may be assumed, therefore, that the general right of women to the suffrage will not be legally recognized until they avail themselves of the limited right which the law now allows. Consequently there are two classes of women who ought to vote at the school elections—those who are opposed to "female suffrage," and those who are in favor of it; the first class, because they know that there ought to be women trustees, who will not be chosen until women themselves appear to demand them; and the second class, because the general suffrage will not be granted so long as the special suffrage is contemned. If both of these classes will take part in the school elections, the practical advantage of universal voting, without restriction of sex, will soon be tested.

INVOLUNTARY MASKS.

THE apparent ignorance of the directors and officers of the Mechanics' Bank in Newark of the prolonged defalcations of the cashier, and their frank declaration that their trust in him was so absolute that they accepted his statements of the situation without investigation, have amazed a great many persons.

The moral wrong of their conduct lies in the fact that depositors left their money in the bank because of their confidence in the directors. Depositors in general could know nothing of the character of the agents of the directors. They necessarily confided implicitly in the directors. Every man who consented to be a director assumed an immense and delicate responsibility. How recreant they were to it, as a body, the disastrous result shows. Undoubtedly it was due to the overconfidence of the directors, but such overconfidence, when it leads to absolute neglect of duty, is practically criminal.

No man ought to allow the use of his name for any position which is not confessedly honorary unless he means to fill the position honestly by discharging its duties. Every doubtful and swindling enterprise tries to mask itself under respectable names. It is one of the oldest of tricks, but it is still common, and still successful. The case is different in this respect with the Newark bank. But directors who do not examine and direct—that is to say, directors who do not know the condition of the business which they have undertaken to manage, and whose names attract the money of other persons—are practically as much masks of swindling as the respectable figure-heads of any Diddler scheme.

TO SAVE THE CENTRAL PARK.

THE squabbles of the Commissioners of the Central Park are a sorry spectacle which excite only a kind of amused contempt. But the decline of the Park justly excites indignation. Its beauty and value are due to its general design, and the fidelity with which that design has been executed. The design was the work of Messrs. OLMSTED and VAUX, and the foundations of the Park, the subterranean structure, as well as the laying out of the surface, are witnesses of their skill. Everything that is best in the great pleasure-ground was done under the superintendency of Mr. OLMSTED, who is confessedly the first landscape artist in the country. His remarkable administrative genius was illustrated not only in the work upon the Park, but in another way in the Sanitary Commission, of which he was the executive agent. Mr. OLMSTED is in no sense a politician or an impracticable man, and if the Park is degenerating and losing its attraction, and is even in danger of irremediable injury, the obvious and simple course to pursue is to recall Mr. OLMSTED to the chief superintendency of the Park, "with power."

"SEEING THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

IN his new work, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, which is profusely and splendidly illustrated, Mr. DU CHAILLU will be found as fascinating a guide at the north pole as at the equator. The freshness, briskness, and naïveté of his style, his alert and shrewd observation, and the essential romance of the region, all combine to make an exceedingly attractive narrative. The modern practice of illustrating books of travel adds greatly to their value and their charm; and no old reader of DU CHAILLU will find the natural force of the traveller in the least abated in his latest story.

HUMORS OF THE CANVASS.

THERE was nothing more amusing in the last days of the late political excitement than the following paragraphs which appeared in the same number of the New York *World*. Reform of the civil service will not be accomplished by trying to make it a bob to the tail of a party kite.

"And still no name is handed us for publication of a Custom-house clerk or a letter-carrier with sufficient faith in the sincerity of Collector ROBERTSON or Postmaster PEARSON to decline to pay his voluntary contribution to the Republican campaign fund! They have all climbed the golden stair, and forked over their cash to HUGH GARDNER."

"Police Justice GARDNER, who was commissioned by the Republican machine to collect 'voluntary contributions' for election purposes from the employés of the Custom-house and Post-office, is much discouraged at the result of Monday's collection. He did not receive over $800, and yesterday he only remained in Room 11 of the Astor House an hour. A large number of the clerks and letter-carriers in the General Post-office have refused to pay any assessment to Justice GARDNER."

OUR FRENCH GUESTS.

THE State of Rhode Island was so closely associated with the French alliance of a hundred years ago that it is pleasant to see how hearty and graceful was its late reception of the centennial French guests. Both at Newport, where the ROCHAMBEAU traditions of the Revolution are still fresh and romantic, and at Providence, the chief city of the State, there was every observance becoming to a sincere welcome—parade and eloquence, and feast and song.

In New York, where the special committee of reception was appointed, the festivities continue as this paper is issued. On the very eve of the election and of our issue a ball will be given to the guests, which it is believed will be memorable for its refined splendor, and rank with the famous ball for the blind, in Boston, forty or more years ago, and the wonderful DICKENS ball in New York. The French citizens also give a separate entertainment to their fellow-countrymen. Whether, however, they are in danger of the aldermen and the city institutions, we do not learn. Our French friends will certainly have no reason to suspect that the *entente cordiale* of other years has been in the least disturbed, and whatever their political sympathies at home, they can hardly help returning with a profound impression of the power and the possibilities of a republic.

PERSONAL.

DR. ARTHUR EDWARDS, of the *Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, has returned to that city after his bicycle ride through England and the Continent. He travelled twelve hundred miles on the apparatus, the shortest day's journey being eighteen miles; the longest, fifty-nine.

—President ARTHUR has taken possession of the pew in St. John's Church, Washington, which was occupied by President MADISON, and since then by other Presidents. It was set apart in 1816 for the President's use, free of charge, but each occupant has insisted upon paying the annual rental.

—Senator DAVID DAVIS's residence on the outskirts of Bloomington, Illinois, is one of the finest in Illinois. Since the death of Mrs. DAVIS his home has been presided over by Mrs. PIERPONT, a niece of Mrs. DAVIS, who was brought up in the DAVIS family.

—Governor STANFORD, of California, has his own portrait painted by MEISSONIER, his wife's by BONNAT, and his son's by CAROLUS DURAN.

—"Sarah Brook," the name appended to an interesting volume called *French History for English Children*, is said to be a pseudonym adopted by a daughter of Sir FITZJAMES STEPHEN. The work will be published soon by HARPER & BROTHERS, slightly modified to suit the requirements of American children.

—Mr. JOHN MCCULLOUGH has given $5000 to Mr. GUY CARLETON, of New Orleans, for a new tragedy, called *Memnon*.

—The Right Hon. LYON PLAYFAIR, Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons (with a salary of $12,500 a year), and Mr. E. A. FREEMAN, the English historian, were guests of the St. Botolph Club, Boston, on Saturday evening, October 29. The St. Botolph is one of Boston's utterest literary associations. Its president is Mr. FRANCIS PARKMAN, and one of its strongest as well as most ornamental pillars is Mr. JAMES R. OSGOOD.

—The late FRANCIS P. SHOALS, for many years president of the Bowery Savings-Bank, devised by will $275,000 to various charitable institutions, connected chiefly with the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The largest amounts are $50,000 each to the Board of Home Missions and Board of Foreign Missions; $25,000 each to the American Bible Society, American Tract Society, and American Home Missionary Society; $10,000 each to the fund for the Relief of Disabled Ministers and their Families, New York Presbyterian Home for Aged Women, Presbyterian Board of Education, and Presbyterian Hospital. Various other societies receive legacies of from $5000 to $10,000 each. The remainder of the testator's large estate is distributed among his heirs.

—The Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD who died recently in Paris was not a member of the great banking firm, though a nephew of the "Paris ROTHSCHILDS." He was born in Paris in 1844, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but never devoted himself to the profession. He was noted for his love of books, and published in 1875, in conjunction with M. ANATOLE DE MONTAIGLON, a collection of French poetry of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

—Mrs. ALICE B. SCHOONMAKER, who died recently at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, left an estate of $500,000, and among a number of charitable bequests left $10,000 to the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled Children in this city. She also left $50,000 to found a similar institution in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania.

—When Dr. HOLLAND entered the Springfield *Republican* in 1850 as assistant editor to SAMUEL BOWLES, he was paid for the first year $480. The second year he was raised to $700; but being dissatisfied with that, he proposed to leave. Mr. BOWLES then sold him a fourth of the concern for $3500. Five years afterward he sold his interest for $50,000.

—Mrs. MARY D. BRINE, whose contributions have often graced the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has written a series of touching and beautiful poems, called *My Boy and I; or, On the Road to Slumberland*, which will be published for the holidays in a very unique and tasteful form by GEORGE W. HARLAN. The poems, which are illustrated by LOUIS C. TIFFANY in his most characteristic manner, describe a mother's day with her baby from morning until bed-time, and every mother's heart will recognize their sweetness and pathos.

—Mr. SANTLEY, the vocalist, who was in this country a few years ago, has become a Roman Catholic, and is very generous to that Church. He supports three or four orphan children, sings regularly and without charge to a church in Highgate, London, and has given $25,000 to a diocesan seminary in which Cardinal MANNING is interested.

—The young Czar is said to be very religious, and a regular attendant at church. He is particularly fond of chants, and maintains at his own expense two splendid choirs at the chapel at Peterhof.

—Captain GUINNESS, a son of the great brewer of Dublin, has married a daughter of the late Earl of Howth, whose family have resided at Howth for seven hundred years without intermission, and in direct succession. Her brother is the thirtieth baron. In Great Britain, men who are eminent in beer, like BASS, ALLSOPP, and GUINNESS, easily get into Parliament, while men who are eminent in butter or bacon are never thought of for that sort of thing.

—Mr. ALEXANDER HUTCHINSON, proprietor of a large India rubber manufactory at Longlee, France, is also owner of one of the largest landed estates in the district of the Loire, while another very large estate in the same district promises to pass into the hands of Mr. CHILD, a nephew of General ROBERT E. LEE, who married a niece of Madame DE TRIQUETTI, a widow, and childless.

—A few days ago, at Bangor, Maine, where ex-Senator HAMLIN resides, he was standing in a store, when a farmer drove up with a load of oats. Mr. HAMLIN bought it, and was telling where to take it, when the farmer, not knowing that his customer was an ex-V.-P. of the U. S., interrupted him by saying, curtly, "Git on and ride up with me yourself." "But you have no seat in your wagon," replied the ex-Senator. "Never you mind your clo'es; sit on that bag of oats," was the business-like reply. So the ex-Senator clambered up, and sat down on the dusty load, and the cart rolled away, while the farmer wondered at the quaint look that crept into the face of his companion as he gave a nod of recognition to the well-pleased lookers-on.

—In a sketch of Sir EDWARD WATKIN, a distinguished railway magnate of England, the London *World* says that when a very young man he became a director of the Manchester Athenæum. He suggested the great literary *soirées* of 1843, '44, '45, presided over successively by CHARLES DICKENS, DISRAELI, and TALFOURD. All was arranged for DICKENS to take the chair, and a great success was foreseen, when another lion appeared on the scene. EDWARD WATKIN received a letter from COBDEN stating that Mr. DISRAELI was at that moment staying at the Moseley Arms, Manchester, and that it might be well to look him up. The energetic hon. sec. was at the Moseley Arms in a fractional space of time. Mr. DISRAELI was not at home, but his wife received Mr. WATKIN very pleasantly. "BENJAMIN will come," said the lady, decisively, as if there was an end of the matter. "We will come," she added, after a slight pause. "But we shall want him to say a few words." "BENJAMIN will speak. He can always speak at ten minutes' notice."

THE OLD WALTON HOUSE.

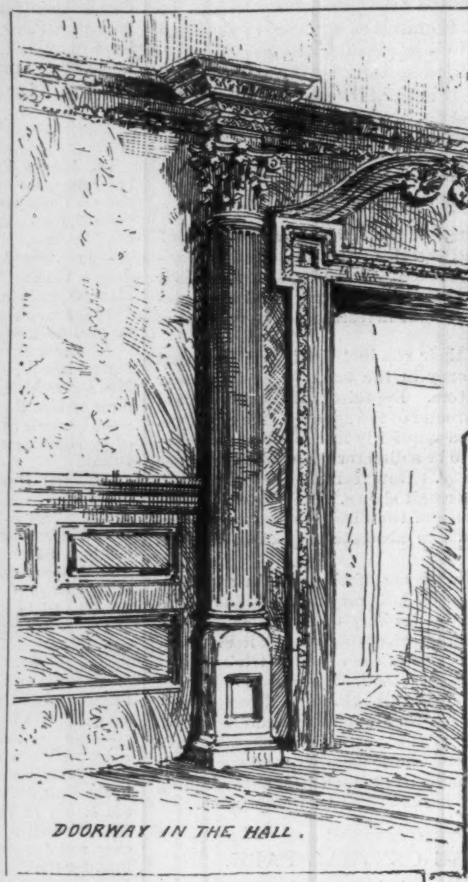
Our neighbor the old Walton house, so long the most venerable and interesting historical relic of Franklin Square, is disappearing as we write. In a certain sense, indeed, the stately old mansion has been disappearing for many years, for it has been gradually shorn of its distinctive character by advancing time, until it presented only a house front among adjoining houses, and was evidently a tenement-house—a sailors' boarding-house—yet in its half-squalid decay not without traces in ruined mouldings and caps and copings of its former grandeur. Long familiarity with the aspect of this famous old house leaves a natural regret that it is vanishing forever; and it is with something of the feeling that Wordsworth describes, in his lines upon Peel Castle—

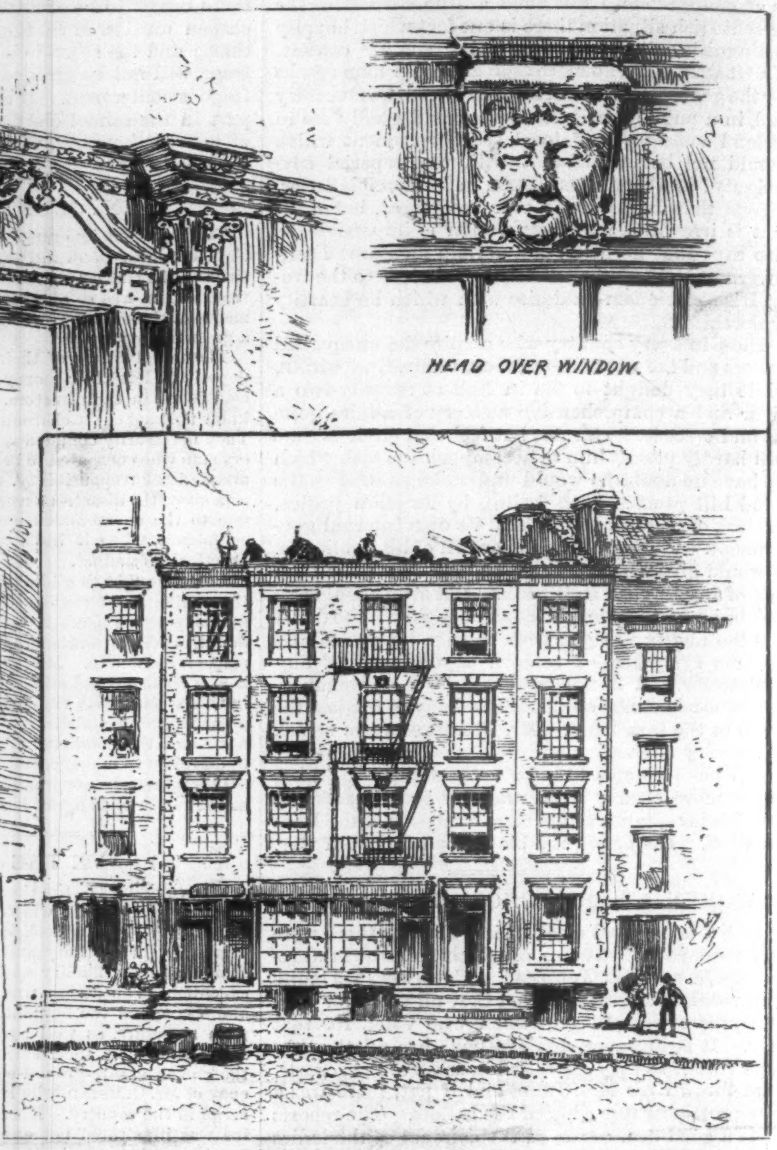
> "I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged pile"—

that the habitué of Franklin Square watches the demolition of the old Walton house.

St. George's Square—now Franklin Square—upon which the house was built, was a broadening of old Queen Street, the fashionable quarter of a century ago, and it was called Franklin Square, not from Walter Franklin, the old merchant, whose fine residence fronted the square, but in honor of Dr. Franklin. Walter Franklin's oldest daughter was the first wife of De Witt Clinton, and his house upon the square was for a time the home of Washington. The Walton house was built about a hundred and thirty years ago. It was probably the noblest house of its time in the city. It was "square," with a breadth of five windows upon the upper two of the three stories, and it was entered by a "stoop" raised a few steps above the street. There are men not yet old who remember the house before the later changes, the old stoop, and the cellar doors. The grounds extended to the river, and by the side of the house upon the south was the massive garden wall, over which hung the heavy foliage of shrubs and trees. In the wall was the garden gate, with its solid knocker, admitting to the sylvan paradise beyond.

The ownership of the old Walton house has always descended by will, and has never passed by deed. But it is the scene not only of family but of public tradition and interest. Here was the sumptuous and splendid hospitality of the older time. From its door stepped Citizen Genet with his bride, the daughter of George Clinton, and all the noted men and women in the city of the last century, were its familiar guests. Remorseless Time has consumed them, and is slowly devouring their memories; and now the house itself, which while it stood brought them and the old time nearer, is gone. The Walter Franklin house has also disappeared; and the Washington head-quarters at the corner of Broadway and Battery Place is probably doomed. The remaining house of most interesting Revolutionary association in the city is the old hotel, Faunce's Tavern, at the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, in which Washington, "with a heart full of love and gratitude," took final leave of his officers. A few years hence and there will be no longer an old New York.





THE OLD WALTON HOUSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

THE ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION—SPINNING, OLD AND NEW STYLES.—From a Sketch by Horace Bradley.—[See Front Page.]

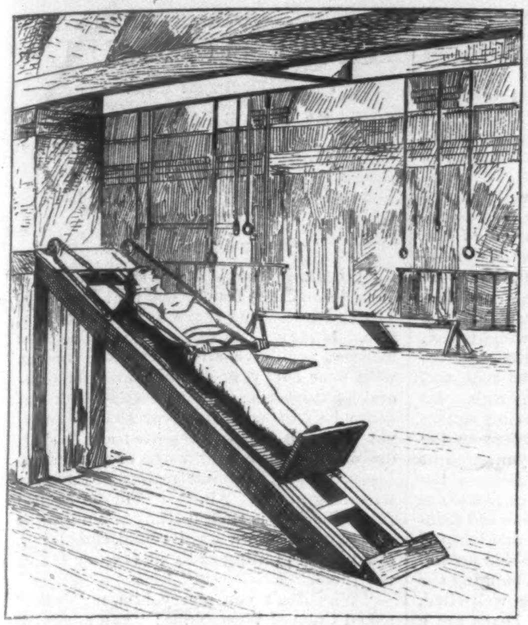


Fig. 1.—SLIDING FRAME.

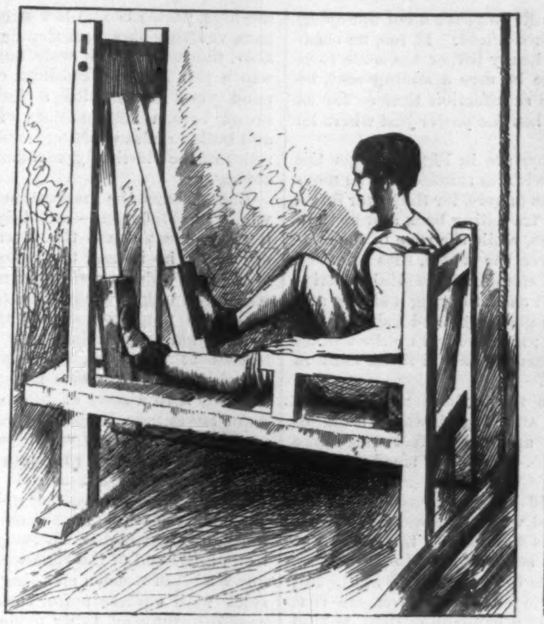


Fig. 3.—THE TREADLE.

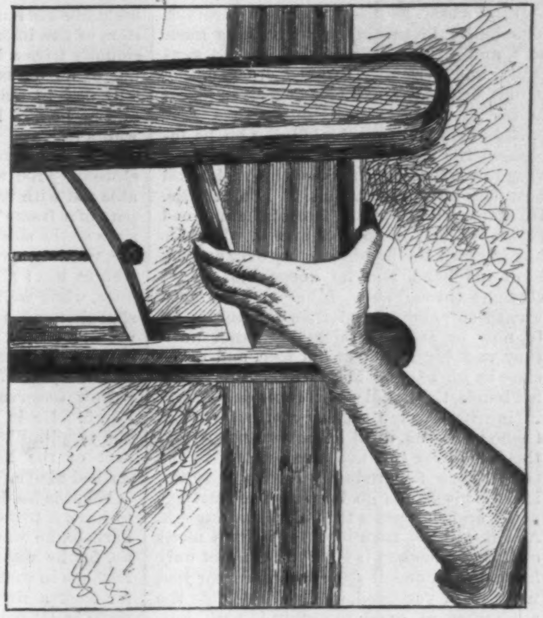


Fig. 4.—HAND-STRENGTHENER.

THE FOREMOST GYMNASIUM IN THE WORLD.

By WILLIAM BLAIKIE,

Author of "How to Get Strong and How to Stay so."

II.

Novel contrivances meet you at every turn, till you wonder when they will cease. If one of your shoulders is higher than the other, step under that solid horizontal frame-work, adjust the yoke to your shoulders and lift, and gradually but surely the crooked spine draws back to its place. Facing next this short horizontal bar, which slides up and down in a frame on the wall, draw it down a few times, so raising a weight from the floor, and also deepening your chest from front to back till it seems larger than ever before. Here is a short iron bar, by turning which you both stretch stiff rubber straps, and also the sides of your waist, as if wrestling with a sturdy human foe. If you turn one of your feet in, put it in this shoe over here, and turn it now far outward, now far inward, your foot each time tugging away at another stiff rubber strap. The shortened cords and muscles, getting now this daily and unwonted lengthening, and the knee-joint being thrown into a new yet correct position, it soon gets easier to train the erring foot.

Watch that slender youth with large forehead, glasses, and bookish air, and see what he is doing. He stands directly under two small hanging handles, from each of which a stout cord runs upward a little way. Then the two cords unite in a single rope, which runs over a pulley, and down to a weight box on the floor. Now he reaches high up over his head, grasps the handles, and then bears each downward, carrying his hands out at his sides as wide of him as he can, with elbows straight, until presently his hands are down at his sides. Gradually he raises them again till high overhead, then bears down, and so continues. At each stroke he raises the weight box at the other end of the rope, and whatever weight there is in it. But he does far better—in fact, an excellent thing: he directly enlarges and widens his chest, opening his ribs apart, stretching the little muscles between them, as they have plainly never been stretched one-quarter part enough before. Vacuum-hating nature assists, and his lungs get in more air than usual, and so expand into the new and enlarged space he is giving them. What a pity he did not find out this very apparatus long ago! Scarcely could anything better fitted for his very lacks have been devised. Evidently used to close study, and a deal of it, as evidently unused to doing anything for his body worthy of the name of exercise, he has neither build, strength, nor stay, and that pinched vital system will one day stand an excellent chance of breaking completely down just when that keen but half-starved brain is most eager to accomplish some important work, maybe to make great money, or a stride forward in power or influence; maybe to save souls. He may perhaps be a profound mathematician, but better for him had he never heard of Euclid, and given the rest of his study hours in that branch daily to securing the broad chest, the sound digestion, the power of endurance, which Huxley says are so valuable to us at those times in life when the ability to do hard and sustained brain-work, perhaps for days together, and on only pinches of sleep, pays him who can stand it as he could never otherwise be paid were these powers lacking. Had this young gentleman fallen into Dr. Sargent's hands ten years ago—yes, or better yet, fifteen—he would have gone through life a vigorous, hearty man, of ample vital and muscular power, instead of weedy and half-built, liable to go all to pieces under some attack of disease which he might otherwise have weathered almost with impunity, or more likely have never had. And what is this burly fellow at here beside him (Fig. 1)? He seems to be taking it comfortably—a plan so dear to the average student heart; indeed, he lies down to his exercise. What

Fig. 2.—A LIFT.

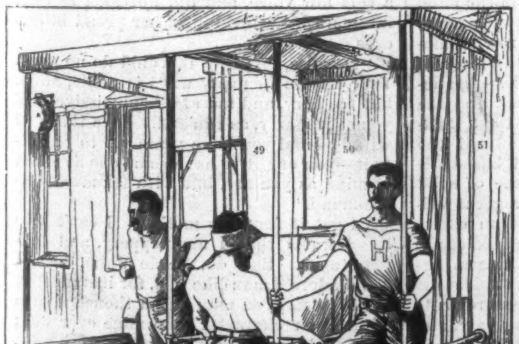


Fig. 5.—WEIGHT LIFTS.

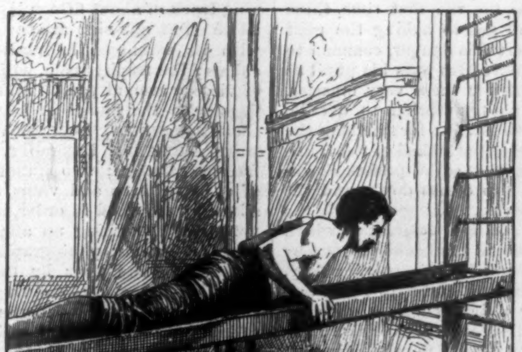


Fig. 6.—SLOPING PARALLEL BARS.

Fig. 7.—PULLING MACHINES.

THE NEW HARVARD GYMNASIUM.—From Photographs by Lincoln.

a grand chest he has!—deep, full, round, capacious. Plenty of heart and lung room here, and a fine outfit of vital organs generally, and evidently in good order, as his strong, bright eye and clear cheek so plainly testify. Yes, and SARGENT says that on this very platform he is lying on he increased the girth of that same chest in a very few weeks by all of four inches! And how does he work this slide? Look a little. He starts with it at the foot of the inclined plane, his feet in the toe straps, while his hands grasp the handles far up over and behind his head, and he keeps his elbows straight throughout. Inhaling as large a breath as possible, and then holding it all in, now he steadily raises his hands until they pass high up over his face, and down close by his knees. Meanwhile, as he raised his hands, the handles and ropes, instead of lifting iron weights, simply pulled up the frame he lay on, until it has now risen from the foot of the inclined plane nearly to the top. Then he gradually lowers it again, letting his hands go back to the starting-point, and so repeats till he has had enough. And it will not take long, for a great merit of this gymnasium is that you can not only learn in a moment from its instructor just what work you need, and will find just the appliances at hand to obtain it with, but, curiously enough, it takes but a very few minutes daily at any given apparatus to make the desired progress. Step on this very sliding frame a minute, try it, and see. Why, how it stretches your chest! Probably in less than a minute you will get enough work—not being used to it—to last you a week. But this is where SARGENT helps you, for he makes it very clear that unless you want sore muscles and an ache for two or three days, you must begin easily, and take but little at first. And this lifting yourself, besides so expanding your chest, stretches the whole abdominal region and front of the lower trunk in a way which must aid digestion not a little.

Now try this curving slat board (Fig. 2). Lie down on it, and pull the handles just as you did on the incline, keeping the elbows always straight, and the chest out to its utmost. Before, you lifted your entire weight, or rather the greater part of it, for the counterbalance helped somewhat, but now you lift weights in the boxes, and with this advantage, that you can graduate these weights, beginning with very light, and increasing only little by little, so avoiding the risk of overdoing. Indeed, the other appliance should not be used until you are well forward with this. But your chest gets larger and stronger all the while, and by a little daily work here you progress as surely as the student at his books as the months pass. For what is one at in this mighty training-room but educating his body under a qualified teacher, and bringing it to the fullness of its strength so far as that strength will avail him most in later life, as surely as the other training in the halls near by aims to do the same for the mental powers? The chief difference between this gymnasium and the others you have tried is that here there is a head with a good grasp of the field before him, and of the capacity and possibilities of each pupil, knowing quickly what is best for each individual case—a graduate of Bowdoin, bred a physician, a director of the physical culture of youth for sixteen years at Bowdoin, Yale, and Harvard, a man of broad views, high aims, and devoted to his chosen calling, and so fitted as no other man who has yet come forward in America seems to be fitted to have the charge of so important a gymnasium.

Before leaving the hall let us examine one or two more of his appliances for special development. This young gentleman at No. 40 (Fig. 3) has hit on a delightful way of taking his exercise—at least it looks so, as he sits so contentedly in his broad arm-chair, now pushing one treadle with his left foot, now the other with his right, working some loom or other useful tool perhaps, and so helping pay his way through college, like the student waiters at the White Mountains, or our late lamented President. Deserving young man! Scarcely: he simply lifts one of the weight boxes, with as much load as he likes, for you see that rope running first under him, then up over a pully above and back of his head, and then down to the weight box. And what good does this do? It builds up the front of the thigh, and if he will keep his heel off the treadle, and push only with his toes and the ball of the foot, he will soon find that it takes hold of his calves as well. Still, it is a grand exercise even as he takes it, and in a year, at five minutes daily of this work, with a fair weight in the box, he ought to gain a good inch and a half in the growth of each thigh, and much strength in the valuable muscles imbedded there, so useful to him at every step he takes in life, whether walking or running, and tending to make that walking and running so much easier to do, while the improved grace and shape of his limbs are liable to prove a not annoying item of the improvement. If, too, he occasionally tries a heavy lift, or has some rowing to do where he uses a sliding seat, he will find to his satisfaction that so far as legs go he now has the power just where he wants it.

That hand you see in Fig. 4 grasps the stationary rod with its thumb and the movable rod with its fingers, for the latter forms part of a frame travelling back and forth in slots at the sides, while the rope in the middle, running over the wheel, lifts a loaded weight box: a simple and capital contrivance, when well used, to bring a strong and shapely hand, a good grip, and a sinewy and useful fore-arm; also to level up the weaker hand and fore-arm till equal to its mate in size and power.

Now observe these three appliances in Fig. 5. He in stall No. 51 works a standing tread-mill, and with effect quite like that of the No. 40 sitting tread-mill described above.

What is No. 50 doing, anyway? He seems to have a towel wrapped around his head. Perhaps he was wounded in the war. But no, for he was scarcely able to walk then. Perhaps in some town-and-gown fight. No; for look a little closer and you see that there is not only a bandage of duck behind his head, but one directly over the top as well, and that from these, near his forehead, a rope runs straight out over a pulley and down to a weight box. As he draws his head well back, his body and legs being held rigidly erect, of course he lifts the weight—if he can, and he generally can. Then he lowers and repeats until he has had enough. And what has this done? Developed the muscles called into action. Which ones were they? Those of any part of his legs? No. Of his arms? No. What then? Draw your head far backward a few times, right where you are, and you will find that it not only tends to expand your chest and make you feel like walking up straighter than ordinarily, but it takes hold unmistakably in the back of your neck. Keep at it daily and strenuously, and it will presently bring you a strong, shapely neck, holding your head up in its place far better than most heads are now held there. For this very work has called the muscles of the back of the neck—the very ones which draw the head backward—into unwonted action, for most men and women, especially those at sedentary employments, seldom give these muscles anything to do worthy of the name of work, and muscles, to be useful and do good work, need ample sensible use quite as much as brains do. Plenty of fat, soft-built people have large muscles, but often not as strong as smaller muscles whose owners require them to do a deal of work. If everybody in this land would use apparatus of this sort a few minutes daily at rising and retiring, round shoulders would presently be as uncommon amongst us as they are now at West Point.

You would think the gentleman at 49 was simply standing between ordinary parallel bars, and about to rise up. Raising one's body up between parallel bars, with the entire weight resting on the hands alone, or attempting to walk along through the bars on the hands, requires considerable strength in the back of the upper arm, and if you attempt to dip or bend the elbows, then fair breast muscles as well. But many students, especially those of a lax condition of body, have no strength in these muscles worth mentioning, have never seen hard work with them, and hence on trying a little parallel-bar exercise for the first time, these muscles lame and get to aching the next morning. To avert this danger, common to all muscles, SARGENT first puts his pupil at a mild, light work for these very muscles, where there is no temptation to overdo. Such is the device No. 49; for the bars the youth has hold of are attached to the frame seen behind him, and as he pushes downward the frame also comes down, and the rope from its centre, passing through the block overhead, lifts the weight box which is on the floor behind his heels. Hence he may lift one pound in this way, or fifty. By-and-by, when well used to light and then to heavier weights, he is transferred to the next appliance for these same muscles, namely, not ordinary parallel bars, but sloping ones, like those shown in Fig. 6. These are movable, with hooks on the ends, which hook on to the iron rungs of the upright ladders, so that you may place one end, say, a foot higher than the other, and the lower end at just such a height from the floor that it is easy to work them, while it gets harder as you go upward. After a little work daily at these for a few weeks, you are ready for the parallel bars, and your now trained muscles need not fear aches and pains.

And there are plenty of the old-fashioned parallel bars here, some, too, made so that by sliding one whole frame sideways you get the width between bars any you like. There are high parallels and low ones, horizontal bars, vaulting bars, bars sloping up from the floor, thick, fixed, and wide apart, between which you fall, and catching on them, expand your chest with a jerk; ordinary breast bars, a large variety of dumb-bells and Indian clubs, vaulting-horse, and all the relics of the old-time gymnasium worth the saving.

But perhaps the greatest novelty in the whole establishment—certainly that calculated to most arrest the attention of the observer who is used to gymnastic work—is the marvellous variety of appliances in which the weight boxes form the chief feature; for SARGENT—this EDISON of the gymnasium—has taken this weight box, slotted at the sides, and running almost noiselessly between two upright rods, and adapted it to a score of different uses. Its main advantage is that by having square pound plates of iron which just fit in the box, you can at once graduate your weight to your liking, while a little door on the front of each box keeps the weights snug in their places. Compared with the old-fashioned pulling weights, where a great lump of iron on the end of the rope wobbled up and down a bit of wooden spouting, banging the sides with endless noise, these well-oiled, smoothly running, tidily made boxes are a great stride forward, while of course they have the great advantage already noted of nice adjustability. It is quite safe to say that for any muscle you will name there are weight boxes so mounted as to enable you to call the desired parts forthwith into vigorous action.

Step up on that high platform, and fit your heel into that canvas pouch; standing erect, now draw the heel steadily backward in a horizontal line, so lifting a weight box at the other end of the rope. What is at work now? Your under-thigh, usually a neglected and undeveloped part, but most essential to a graceful step, swift running, or up-hill walking. Pull away, say, fifty times, and you will find conclusively that just in your under-thigh you are getting tired—nowhere else. Step across now to this other canvas pouch. This time put, not your heel, but your toes and fore-foot into it. Now keep pulling your foot forward horizontally, so raising the weight box below, and see! the front of your thigh, also the little muscle on your shin-bone—the very parts so busy when you kick football—are brought sharply into play, while the abdominal belts are far from neglected.

Again, here you attack the weight handles scarce three feet from the ground, but as you stand facing them, and bending over so as to reach these low handles, then pulling them well out toward you. The small of your back suddenly telegraphs up that it is on fatigue duty. Step over a little to the weight boxes whose handles are four feet high, and as, facing these, you draw them out together, your whole upper back is busy, while your feet take an unwonted grip on the floor. Now turn with your back to these handles, and pull them out past your sides, and you have the prince of chest-expanders, while a foot higher still you get the old-fashioned regulation shoulder weights, though this time practically noiseless.

And so you go on through the building, constantly running upon new things, finding all you want, and much that you have not yet learned to want, always delighted with the fitness of the tools to their work.

Up stairs, a broad balcony encircles the entire hall, and here is the well-used running track of about fifteen laps to the mile, while off at one side are the rowing-room, with its seventeen hydraulic rowing-machines; the trophy-room, with the insignia of victory around you on all sides—battle-flags with the names of AGASSIZ and the CROWNINSHIELDS, LORING, WATSON, SIMMONS, RICHARDS, BANCROFT, and all the famous oarsmen; two hundred base-balls of every pattern and value, some of solid silver, all mounted in order, in a great velvet-lined case, filling up almost an entire side of the room; photographs of old crews and nines; and near by the measuring-room, where every entering student is stripped, and forty and more measurements of him are taken with exceeding care, and recorded away accurately in great books of printed blanks made especially for the purpose. Over forty thousand of these measurements are here already, and as the later development is steadily noted, these must prove of great value to the student of the human body. Step into the doctor's own rooms, and you find yourself surrounded with measuring rods and gauges; French dynamometers, for testing your grip, your pulling and pushing power upward, sideways—indeed, in about every way; a capital library, with every book in it almost that anatomist or athlete might wish, and all in the same good order which pervades everywhere this well-ordered body school.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE NOBLEST MAN.

"I CALL it too bad of them all, Uncle John," said Julia Touchwood that same day, "to run away and leave us *tête-à-tête* like this. If they go on so, I shall run away to-morrow, and have an intellectual combat with poor Dicky, or go and nurse the General—a dangerous but interesting task, because he will want to swear so dreadfully, yet dare not in my presence; and I shall drive him to the very verge of suppressed insanity by sweet ministrations of the most irritating order. Ah, it would be capital fun! His face is such a study when his lips are burning for a good round something, and his eyes rolling sadly at the fair sex in the room."

"Why don't you marry him, my dear?" asked Colonel Westcombe; "you might always enjoy that fine sight then?"

"Alas, no, dear uncle! Where is your knowledge of mankind? How lavishly, how rapturously, would he swear before his wife, and at her too, before three days were over!"

"Julia, in spite of all your attractions, you will have to put up with an old man, I do believe. Your turn of mind is too sarcastic, too uncharitable, for young men to be pleased with you. They like something softer, something sweeter-natured, something more confiding, and simple, and—"

"And foolish. Very well; they may like what they please—somebody with about as much brains as themselves. I shall not break my heart for them, Uncle John. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall have old Mr. Short; I can do that, by holding up my finger, any day. He is the only one I get the worst of, when it comes to a chaffing match. And, after all, matrimony comes to that. I have no faith in love, or spoony doings, or the heart. The heart is corrupt and desperately wicked, according to inspired authority. Then what is the good of it? I don't want it; I would rather have a man with mind and body, that I must look up to, than a lot of stupid hearts. If Mr. Short's head was at the top of his hat, I would have him to-morrow, to spite every one, and to rout out that spiteful old Aggett, who insulted me. Don't suppose that I am excited, Uncle John; I am not; I never am; and I never mean to be. Now you can tell me what you think."

"Well, my dear," said Colonel Westcombe, after looking about a bit, and admiring Julia's flashing eyes, which seemed almost to light up the room where they sat in the twilight with the cloth removed, "you must remember that I am quite old-fashioned; that I never have been what is called a 'ladies' man,' nor even accustomed to smart society, because I was poor, and poor people are stupid—as to worldly views at least. You may be quite right as among rich people in describing marriage as a 'chaffing match'; and if so, it is desirable, of course, that the husband should be the best hand at it, so that he may be looked up to. But my view of the question is widely different. I will not trouble you with it."

"Why not, Uncle John?" She spoke in a soft low voice, and did not look at him, for tears were lurking in her proud bright eyes.

"Because, my dear, it would do no good. Your nature in many ways is noble, Julia, but too fiery, and not at all submissive. If you ever marry, as I heartily hope that you will do—and you have years yet to consider it—you ought to have some one as quick of mind as you are, but with far more self-command."

"I get it from my mother. I can't help it. I know that I am peppery, and contemptuous. But oh, Uncle John, how I could adore a man like you, for instance!"

"My dear, you may find a thousand men of far finer character than mine ever was; and I find myself growing sadly selfish now. I heartily hope that you may find one to suit you, appreciate you, and—and—well, I will say it—peg you down, as anybody must to live happily with you. Mind, I only mean at first. After that you would go on well."

"Thank you, Uncle John, for that reprieve. How my self-knowledge is enlarged! If it ever comes to pass, and I am bullied horribly, I shall cry out on the funeral pyre, 'Oh, Uncle John!' with a loud voice, thrice, as the Eastern king did with the torches under him. And then will you come and unbind me?"

"My dear, I do not, at the present moment, recall the situation to which you re-

fer. I suppose it is in the *Arabian Nights*. And that reminds me of story-telling. Your mind is a little excited for the moment, and I have said harsh things to you. Instead of going up, and dwelling upon them, would you like to hear me tell the story for which you have so often begged, of the noblest man I ever knew?"

"Oh, if you will only tell me that!—and it is the very time for it. If he only underwent reproach like me!"

"That he did, Julia. And without deserving it. To screen another from rebuke and shame. It was one of the saddest things I ever knew, and I have met with many sad ones. But you must allow me not to mention names, or at any rate only Christian names, for reasons which—which are binding still. And you must not speak of it lightly, because it would pain me greatly if you did so."

"Much as I may want pegging down, Uncle John, I should want it still more if I could do such a thing. Sit in this comfortable chair, and then begin."

"No, I will sit just where I am. Whenever I go back to those old times I am ashamed of my present luxury. But come you and rest here, my dear child, because my voice is not always clear. Now are you ready? Then please not to interrupt me, because it throws out my memory; and I have not told that story for a long while now.

"After the battle of Talavera, which was a very hard fought field, and by no means decisive, the British army, and I may say the whole Peninsular cause, was in the greatest jeopardy for several days. Our force was small; we had lost a great many of our very best troops in the two days of combat; we had no clear knowledge of the position, strength, or intentions of the enemy; we could not trust the Spanish General to act in concert with us, or even to keep us informed of his movements; the French were in far superior force, both in our front and in our rear; we were hemmed in the narrow valley of the Tagus, between a rapid river and trackless mountains; worst of all, perhaps, or at, any rate, most depressing, we could count one another's bones with famine. For an entire month we did not receive so much as ten full rations. The Spaniards did the feeding, and left us to do the fighting. Their men were like dripping-pans, ours like gridirons. You may suppose what our condition was when I tell you, my dear Julia, that the offal of a goat, rank, leathery, reeking, would sell for as much as my best sheep is worth; and that I have seen dainty young officers, who would turn up their noses at cold meat in England, chase the gaunt swine in the forest, and devour the flesh, with the bristles on, raw and quivering. Spanish ham raw, and without any garlic—and the Spaniards, whose place it was to supply us, even accused us of theft for this!

"What with anxiety, weariness, and famine, we were all very miserable, as you may suppose; many of our best friends lay dead or wounded—I myself had lost a beloved school-fellow, as brave a young fellow as ever breathed, in that terrible charge of the Twenty-third ——; we expected the French to fall upon us in overwhelming numbers; and as yet we had not that implicit confidence in our great commander, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, which afterward made us so irresistible. The wisest of us thought that the whole scheme of the campaign was wrong (as is now confessed freely), enforced upon our General, perhaps, by the politics of the day; while the more foolish of us (who were a thousand times as many, naturally) were convinced by starvation that the object of the patriotic Spaniards was to destroy us also. They could not bear to see us upon their land, although we were there to defend it; and the more of us died—instead of them—the better they enjoyed it.

"I may be narrow-minded, and an unfair witness; but nine out of ten of us say the same. Many a time we longed for a good charge into the centre of the Spanish army—if it deserved to be called an army. But we got to respect the French, and like them; they are not hidalgos, but gentlemen, and every bit as brave as our own fellows. If they had been led as well as we were, with one head present over them, instead of a lot of jealous marshals, countermarching one another, we should have had to embark in 1809, for we were not many, and the few we had were starved.

"However, I am rambling into big questions, instead of going through with my little one. When we retired after Talavera, leaving our sick and wounded there to the care of the Spaniards, who deserted them, nothing but a bold stroke on the part of our commander, and the remissness of Napoleon's puppet king, preserved us. Sir Arthur crossed the Tagus, just in time, by the bridge of Arzobispo, and then it became of vital import to seize the bridge of Almaraz, lower down, by which our retreat might be intercepted. To make sure of this momentous point, a force of light cavalry was sent in advance with all possible dispatch; and the first to arrive at the bridge were the same hussars of whom I spoke before, most dashing, impetuous, reckless fellows.

"The night was very sultry and unusually dark—darker than I have ever known a summer night in England, and I suppose that is quite natural. We were eight or ten miles higher up the river, laboring along with the lame-horsed guns, and places where no horse could drag them up. Then the black night fell upon us, and we boiled our empty kettles. Men who have marched far with nothing in their stomachs fall into a jog-trot sort of resignation, a weary trust in Providence that, having had the bad side, they ought to find the good one turning up. I remember the night quite well, because I had never been so lame in all my life; and I went down to the Tagus, where a little brook ran in from a place they call the 'Meza d'Ibor,' and though I could not spare the time to bathe, because somebody else would have gobbled up my supper, I soaked my hot feet in the cool mountain water, and from limping was able to jump again. For all of us, officers as well as men, had taken a strong pull at the guns that day.

"I assure you that we were more full of fatigue than of anything else to sleep upon, for a quarter of a pound of unground wheat was all the bread we had for supper, and the meat was an ounce of goat's flesh. We were thankful, we enjoyed it, and we tried to spare some for our friends with weaker appetites, who had taken the fever or been wounded. But there was a heavy feeling in the air around us, and the night that came over seemed to lie upon our bodies instead of drawing round us like a curtain.

"The insects were enough to eat us up; the heavier the air is, the harder they do labor. There is a fearful creature there, with a saw in his head like a prawn's, and in his tail a gimlet, with a fir-cone structure to it. When a weary man is fast asleep, this fellow takes his stand in some sensitive part of the system where he can find a little eminence of the surface, not far from an equal depression. Then he spreads his legs like a painter's trestle, and works his head-saw through the hill before him, while he screws the cutting worm of his tail-gimlet into the valley behind him. And the worst of it is that you never can catch him.

"In spite of all our weariness, these and other plagues allowed us scarcely a good wink of sleep; and we distinctly heard trumpets miles away, and the sound of small-arms, carried to us by the peculiar condition of the night and the formation of the hills around us. We were puzzled, for we thought that the French could not be there; but none could ever say where the Spaniards might be, for their great delight was to keep us in the dark about it.

"We marched very slowly, on the following day, down the left bank of the Tagus, the weather being most oppressive, the track very difficult, and our horses broken down. But when we arrived, on the evening after that, opposite the boat-bridge at Almaraz, which had been so important to us, we saw a very sad and moving scene, which will never quit my memory. In a bend of the river, where the setting sun threw shadows on the yellow ground it had scorched up, a firing-party was taking position, and before them stood a British officer.

"I had never seen a thing of that kind yet; neither had those around me; but we knew, as if by instinct, what it was, and we drew aside and trembled. The verdict of court-martial was being read aloud, and we heard the words, 'cowardice, and treachery, in presence of the enemy,' and the sentence, 'death.'

"There stood a group of officers, illustrious now throughout Europe, as long as any history shall last, the commander-in-chief looking stern as the rocks, and a part of the celebrated Light Division drawn up like a wall, and as mute and still. But the faces of many of the men were working; for they loved the man they were to slay.

"He stood calmly looking at them, as firm as I am now, and a great deal firmer; and he even seemed to smile at such a fuss about his life. He was asked if he had anything to say, and he said, 'Nothing'; and then with a stately step he went and took his place where the distance had been measured, and stood with his arms at his side, his heels together, and his broad chest expanded for the bullets. I saw him, with the sunset on his face, and knew him—the man who had saved my life—the bravest man I had ever met with.

"The guns were levelled at him; he was opening his lips to say 'Fire!' as he had claimed the right to do, when swifter than a flash of steel a man leaped before the muzzles, turned round, and cried: 'Shoot me! shoot me! I did it all. He knew nothing of it. Shoot me, if you must murder any one.'

"It was the mere click of a trigger that they were not both shot together. The General held his hand up, the men dropped their muskets, the two in such peril stood side by side, each challenging the death-shot. In a moment it was known that they were brothers, and a buzz of wonder broke the awful silence. Before we could see any more of them, they were both under guard, by Sir Arthur's orders, for the further consideration of their case.

"Now the story is a strange one, yet not to be doubted, in the face of all the evidence. These two brothers were of very good birth, and a family well known in England. Well known not only for their property and lineage, but also for their strong peculiarities. It was said that they never thought as other people thought; and never even acted upon what they thought as others would have done who thought so. And this seems to have shown itself in the actions of these two, which I have not been able at all to understand up to the present moment; and my good friend General Punk—though he will not confess it—is no wiser.

"However, I can tell you that these two brothers, Philip and Lewis, were in the same regiment of hussars, attached to the Light Division, of which you have heard me speak before. A fashionable and a proud regiment it was, famous for discipline, dash, and daring. Lewis, the younger brother, had been with it some time, and was exceedingly popular both with the men and his brother officers, though considered rather odd and romantic in his views sometimes. He was given to roving among the woods whenever he could get the opportunity, and was always collecting plants and mosses, which of course he had to leave behind him. His Colonel had called him to order once or twice for habits rather unsoldierlike; but the knowledge of the country which he obtained had more than once proved useful; he brought many welcome contributions to the mess, such as fish, fruit, truffles, etc.; and above all, there was no calmer head, no stronger hand, no bolder heart, than his, in the charge, the surprise, or the rally.

"The elder brother, Philip, had only joined quite lately, exchanging from some other regiment; and there had not been time to know much about him yet, except that he was very different from his brother Lewis in everything except appearance. In person the brothers resembled one another like twins, though I believe there were three or four years between them. But Lewis had been exposed to climate and hardship, while his brother the viscount—for he was that by courtesy—had been living at home in luxury. But they were not like twins in anything except the outward form, I do believe. For instance, there was no especial love between them; they avoided one another when they could well do so, and seemed to have widely different tastes.

"All this came out afterward, as you must know, for no especial heed of them was taken, with so many great events around us. Neither would we have heard that much about them except for the extraordinary upshot of the case. We had plenty of young noblemen and heirs to titles, headed off like poppies when the French struck straight. But the oddness of this thing and the contradiction of opinion made us notice it. And I tell you, Julia, that I am only too glad to have been out of the way when it happened, because I should not have known what to say if they had called upon me for evidence.

"The night had been very dark; all agreed to that; and we had found it so a few leagues higher up the river. A very close and heavy cloud fell over all the land, without any mist or dew (which help to carry light, they say), and without a flash of lightning to enliven it. Those hussars, or rather a detachment of them, not more than a hundred and fifty sabres, under urgent orders of dispatch, rode into the black pine wood between the mountains and the river-bank. I was told by one of them (quite a boy, who died gallantly in action at the Coa next year) that they could hardly see their hands before their faces in the depth of that pine wood; and but for that officer, who seemed to know every stick of it, they never could have found their way to the rickety boat-bridge. There they dismounted, sent fifty of their number across, saw to their horses, and sat down, by the dark gleam of the river, to their scanty, hot, dry rations.

"Now hereupon hangs the whole gist of the question, so far as there can be any question, where a man not only pleads guilty, but is the advocate against himself. Did the younger brother, Lewis—who was the senior officer, you must understand, and in command of the squadron, with his elder brother under him—did he cross the boat-bridge, as he should have done (for the danger was upon the other side, if any), or did he, as he himself declared, send his brother across, and remain with the main body? The night was so dark, and the brothers so alike in figure, stature, dress, walk, and gesture, that the story must be left between themselves.

"That night the most marvellous disgrace that ever befell a fine regiment befell those hussars. They were terrified where no fear was; they were stricken with a panic; they were scared of their lives, or rather of their wits, for they never thought twice of their lives in the matter, I do believe. At any rate, off they went, helter-skelter, with what the French call a *sauve qui peut*, every man jumping on the first horse he could catch, and tearing away as if the devil tore behind him. In the morning the bridge was wide open for the French, and the still more important ford below; and if they only had Napoleon with them, or even Soult unthwarted, not a British soldier who fought at Talavera would have told the tale, unless it were in a French prison. The two best troops of the best British Horse that ever struck stirrup or drew sabre were leagues away on the road to Deleytoza, and came back at evening with even their horses hanging their tails like a dog to be thrashed.

"It is said that in the blackest hour of that black night, when they all lay sleeping, except the outpost across the river—sleeping the heavy sleep of men deadly weary, and with nothing on their stomachs to make them dream, a fear came through the air around them, a shudder, without voice or sound, a terror of the spirit, and a trembling of the flesh. All at once it seized them, asleep or waking, lying on their backs or sitting up against a tree, thanking the Lord for being still alive, or swearing at the insects for knowing it; whatever they were doing, whoever they were, howsoever they strove to man themselves, a black fear came into the marrow of their hearts; man breathed it into man, horse into horse; and not one of them staid there to cough or to snort.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER GREAT HOSPITAL.

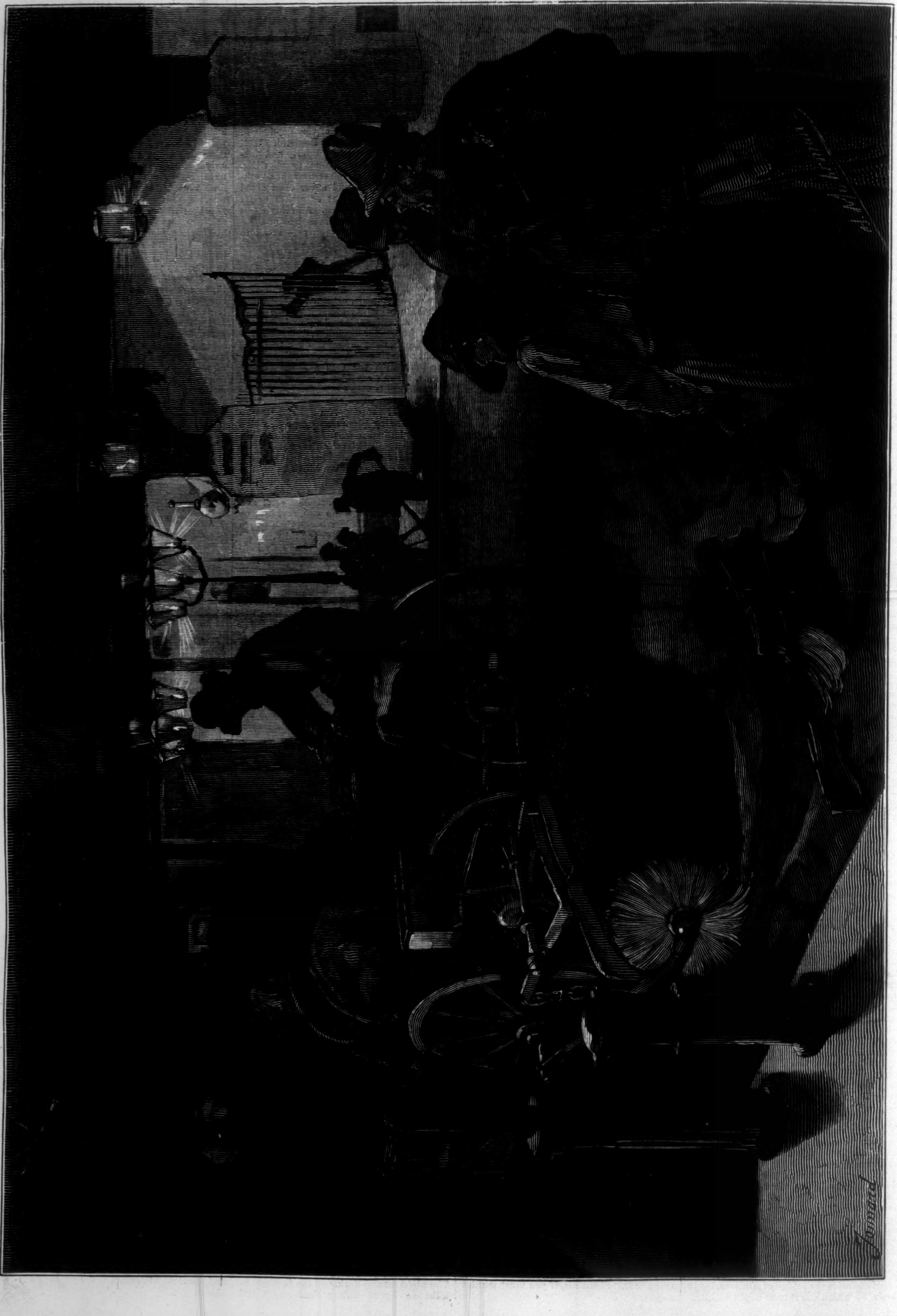
A FEW years ago a number of philanthropic gentlemen—among them Dr. J. E. TURNER—determined, if the necessary funds could be raised, to establish a hospital in this country for the treatment of female inebriates and opium-eaters. Sixty acres of land and $16,000 worth of labor and material were offered by citizens of Wilton, Connecticut, and it was decided to locate the building at that place. In order to increase its usefulness, it was thought best to make the institution a national one. The donor of the land gave it solely on condition that the hospital should be forever devoted to the medical treatment of the class of unfortunates mentioned above. He also stipulated that the corporation should not receive any appropriations or gifts from the State of Connecticut, his object being to prevent the manipulation of the institution by politicians. His desire was that it should depend for its construction and endowment upon subscriptions from the entire country, and that the citizens of every State should have the same rights and privileges as the residents of the State of Connecticut. To bring it within the reach of the poorer classes, the projectors agreed that every tenth bed in the institution should be a free one.

The site is a charming one. It contains one hundred and fifty-three acres of land (sixty of which, as we have said, were presented by a citizen of Wilton), and is situated on a plateau about four hundred feet above tide-water. It is easy of access, and commands a view on the south which overlooks Long Island Sound for more than thirty miles, while on the west, north, and east there are also magnificent views of hills and valleys for several miles.

Eighty acres of the ground will be laid out in walks, drives, and lawns, and the remainder will be devoted to gardens, orchards, and farming purposes for the use of the hospital.

The building, an illustration of which, from the plans of the architect, Mr. T. R. JACKSON, is shown on page 764, will be 370 feet long, 70 feet wide, having a centre pavilion, with tower and wings at each end, with a frontage of 90 feet. The principal entrance will be in the south wing, through a carriage porch and vestibule, entering a spacious hall on the first floor, sixteen feet wide, at either side of which are the reception-rooms, physicians' offices, etc. Through folding-doors, at the end of this hall commences the main corridor, twelve feet wide, extending the length of the building, with a transverse corridor in the centre pavilion. At either side of the corridors are the patients' rooms, in size about sixteen by twenty feet, arranged *en suite* and singly. In the north wing are the chapel, library, and dining-rooms; adjoining them, the conservatory.

The three upper floors are arranged in the same manner, and are reached by easy and spacious staircases and hydraulic elevators.



SWEEPING BROADWAY AT NIGHT.—Drawn by H. Muhrman.—[See Page 763.]

SHUTTING OFF THE CROTON AT THE CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR.—Drawn by W. St. John Harper.—[See Page 764.]

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

[Especially suggested by the recent visit of Governor Bigelow and the Connecticut companies to Charleston, South Carolina.]

THE Blue is marching South once more,
With serried steel and stately tread;
Their martial music pealed before,
Their flag of stars flashed overhead.
Ah! not through storm and stress they come,
The thunders of old hate are dumb,
And frank as clear October's ray
This meeting of the Blue and Gray.

A Phœnix from her outworn fires,
Her gory ashes, rising free,
Fair Charleston with her stainless spires
Gleams by the silver-stranded sea.
No hurtling hail nor hostile ball
Breaks through the treacherous battle-pall;
True voices speak from hearts as true,
For Strife lies dead 'twixt Gray and Blue.

Grim Sumter, like a Titan maimed,
Still glooms beyond his shattered keep;
But where his bolts of lightning flamed
There broods a quiet, mild as sleep;
His granite base, long cleansed of blood,
Is circled by a golden flood,
Type of that peace whose sacred sway
Enfolds the Blue, exalts the Gray.

The sea-tides faintly rise afar,
And—wings of all the breezes failed—
Seem slowly borne o'er beach and bar,
Dream-murmurings from a spirit world.
Through throbbing drum and bugle-trill
The distant calm seems deeper still—
Deep as that faith whose cordial dew
Hath soothed the Gray and charmed the Blue.

O'er Ashley's breast the Autumn smiles,
All mellowed in her hazy fold,
While the white arms of languid isles
Are girdled by ethereal gold.
All Nature whispers: War is o'er,
Fierce feuds have fled our sea and shore;
Old wrongs forget, old ties renew,
O heroes of the Gray and Blue!

The Southern Palm and Northern Pine
No longer clash through leaf and bough;
Tranquillities of depth benign
Have bound their blending foliage now.
Serene they shine in sun-lit noon,
Or, tranced by cloudless star and moon,
Their equal shadows softly play
Above the Blue, across the Gray.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. RODEN.

IF there is anything in the theory of the Survival of the Fittest, there should surely be something of merit in those who retain the appearance of youth after it has long departed from them; and in this light Mr. Augustus Roden, of Paragon Chambers, Pall Mall, and the Ranunculus Club, may have been considered to be not wholly without his uses. He had at one time enjoyed one of those sinecures under government about which, when they are swept away, prophecies are made concerning the downfall of our native land; but as no one was the worse for its abolition, and Mr. Roden many pennies the better (for he was amply compensated), the outcry in his case soon subsided, leaving him a magnificent private grievance. His features were classical and aristocratic; his figure, tall and spare, was, from behind, save for a certain shambling in his gait, still youthful; and scorning spectacles, he carried an eyeglass, with which, though years of practice had failed to enable him to stick it in its proper place, he emphasized his observations in a very dignified manner. Having nothing to do, he took the whole domain of art under his protection, and cultivated such an especial knowledge of blue china as was a terror to his acquaintance. He was accustomed to say he was not a conceited man, but that he "knew more about *bleu de roi* than any one in the United Kingdom," and as to the latter statement, he may, for aught I know, have been correct. For the rest, he was a professional invalid—a calling that enabled him to wear fur trimmings to his coat in winter, and to indulge himself, under medical advice, with his favorite dainties. The one crumpled rose-leaf in his existence was that he was subject to colds in the head, which took away his taste. In the great lavatory of the Ranunculus he was discovered, on more than one occasion, eating soap—a circumstance that led to injurious reports as to his sanity; but, as he did me the honor to explain to me, it was a practice he always adopted when suffering from his usual complaint: "If one can taste brown Windsor, one can taste anything; if I find myself able to do so, I order a good dinner at the club; if not, I go home to my bed and water arrowroot."

He had a delicate complexion—quite the "Pompadour pink," as he used to boast in moments of complacency—and after he had "dieted" (such was his term for banqueting) exceptionally well, this became intensified, which caused his enemies to aver he painted; but this was a libel. It was only his character that was artificial. In some respects it was also flabby enough, but it had this attribute in common with iron—it was subject to attraction, not, indeed, from the magnet, but from all persons of title, wealth, or notoriety. The woes and wants of commonplace people did not move him at all; he bore the misfortunes of his friends with the most philosophic serenity; but the lightest wish of a lord, a millionaire, or a celebrity was law to him. And this, we must do him the justice to say, was without any idea of a *quid pro quo*, save the merest trifle of personal acknowledgment. It must be also admitted that when he did do anything for anybody, he did it with all his might; that is to say, he *said* it (for it rarely came to doing) with all the power of gracious expression of which his vocabulary—and it was a very copious one—was capable. On receiving Mr. Lyster's invitation, it was not the fact of that gentleman's failing health, or his reference to the probability that the opportunity would not occur again, which induced him to accept it; he felt he could with equanimity have postponed making his niece's acquaintance till she was an orphan, and have even omitted it altogether without much distress of mind; but he could not forget that the man was after all his brother-in-law, and had the reputation of great wealth; that though he had contracted a second alliance, he would probably leave Clare well provided for, and that to have an heiress for a niece is advantageous for a gentleman's social status.

Moreover, Mr. Lyster's reference to his own popularity with the lords of the soil showed a very just appreciation of his position, while the reflection that "my partner, Sir Peter," was prepared to make things at Stokeville pleasant for him, was very gratifying. On the whole, he decided to accept the invitation, and as that of his being "sought after at Christmas-time" was much too wholesome a one to be discouraged, he resolved to run down to Stokeville at once. On the third day after the dispatch of his brother-in-law's letter, he accordingly arrived at Oak Lodge. During the latter part of his journey he had been greatly inconvenienced by atmospheric effects and smuts on his nose; but the comfort, and especially the appearance, of the carriage that had been sent to meet him had soothed him much, while the warmth of his reception had quite restored his good-humor. Like most selfish persons, when once in for a disagreeable duty, he was affability itself. Though it struck him that he had never seen a man alive looking so like a dead one as his host, he congratulated him on his appearance with much fervor.

"You are thin, that I must say, my dear Lyster, and paler perhaps than we could wish, but I can not think, to look at you, that matters can be so serious as you represent; the rim of your eye—and I remember my dear friend the late president of the College of Physicians made a great point of that—looks exceedingly healthy."

To Clare he was more than gracious.

"My dear Clara, people may talk of the air of Stokeville being trying, but you are Hebe herself."

"I think she has pretty well recovered from her recent illness," observed Mr. Lyster, "though, you see, her hair, which they had to cut for the fever, is still short."

"To be sure, and very nice it looks," continued Mr. Roden, in no way abashed at his forgetfulness of Clare's late indisposition; "as I was about to say, one would never have guessed she had suffered so severely. Poor soul, how I pitied her! Kiss your uncle, my darling; he has been longing to see this day, I do assure you. And this is Georgy, is it?"—bringing Gerald to the window to examine him, as if he had been a specimen of *bleu de roi*, and he was looking for his *fleur-de-lis*. "You are a fine-grown young fellow, Master George."

"Gerald," suggested that young man, with an uncomfortable grin.

"To be sure, you're Gerald—the idea of my forgetting your name! What a height and what a build for sixteen!"

"I am just eighteen," growled Gerald.

"Dear me, how time flies! But how can you be so when Clara here—"

"Clare," put in Mr. Lyster, gently.

"Of course, Clare; did I not say Clare?—when Clare here doesn't look eighteen herself?"

"But I am twenty-one, you know, uncle," smiled Clare.

"Well, I should think I did know. The fact of your having come to years of discretion, my dear, is too important, I hope, to have escaped my recollection. And you have lost no time in asserting yourself as your own mistress, I hear, eh? What a charming blush! Well, I hope I am to see this young gentleman."

"Percy is coming to dine to-morrow on purpose to meet you," said Mr. Lyster, with an involuntary sigh.

"Ah, you grudge him his prize, and I don't wonder," said Mr. Roden. "Lord Rackstraw, who is in the same position—his daughter is engaged to the Marquis of Blueblazes, as you are doubtless aware—was saying to me only the other day, 'How one hates these sons-in-law!—the smiling young scoundrels who rob us of our dearest and nearest.' Not that my Lord Blueblazes is so very young, though senior to me at college. And Sir Peter, by-the-bye" (one title always suggested another to Mr. Roden), "how does he carry his age? 'Full of years and honors—a phrase used too often, alas, in a conventional sense, but not in the case of a benefactor of the human race who has founded a mausoleum."

"A museum," put in Mr. Lyster, for really the difference was important; the mistake, too, if not corrected, might possibly have been made to Sir Peter himself, with whom the subject was sacred.

"Just so; a museum—one of the most interesting institutions which reflection can dwell upon, and which in a few years will doubtless possess the advantage of being opened for the public benefit on a Sunday. I do hope Sir Peter is well."

Mr. Roden's carelessness of all matters that did not directly concern himself caused him to fall into a good many errors which the most ordinary attention and recollection would have avoided; but, on the other hand, his unfailing flow of words carried him through everything, while his self-complacency led him to imagine that others thought as little of his inaccuracy as to time and place and name as he did himself. He was described by the vulgar as "able to talk the hind-leg of a horse off," and though that was probably an exaggeration, his eloquence was undoubtedly trying to an invalid.

Mr. Lyster therefore took an early opportunity of leaving him to the hospitable ministrations of Clare—who endured him with that gentle resignation with which all good women suffer boredom—till dinner-time. Gerald too, who, as we have said, had been of late on his best behavior, remained on duty, though it must be admitted that his demeanor resembled rather that of a captured deserter than a guard of honor. Nor was he more reconciled to his position by the compliments which Mr. Roden incidentally bestowed on him with reference to his (supposed) business habits, domestic virtues, and the responsibilities that must needs devolve upon him as "the right hand of his father." These malapropos eulogies reached their climax in Mr. Roden's discovery of a most striking likeness in the youth to his "sainted mother," whom he had not only never seen, but had very positively declined to see, and who for the moment he confused with his own sister. Even this, however, on perceiving his error, the visitor, assisted by a flourish of his pocket-handkerchief, the production of which this hypothetical reminiscence had necessitated, contrived to smooth over, and in place of embarrassment sonorously blew his nose. Clare, who thought him decidedly "cracked," treated him with the gentleness exhibited by the American Indians to those whom the Good Spirit has afflicted in their minds, and Mr. Roden, convinced, as usual, that he had made a favorable impression, was almost as well satisfied with her as with himself. The boy he set down as a cub, but that, he reflected (now that the circumstances of his birth had been brought to his recollection), was only what was to be expected; as to Mr. Lyster, sitting silent and ghost-like at the head of his own dinner table, he thought him greatly improved in manner. He had lost that habit of self-assertion which he had noticed in him when they had met at the Ranunculus, and seemed to listen with becoming deference to his dissertations on the dinner plates (which were Derby, it seemed, but not Crown Derby), and his remarks on the prospects of the spring Exhibition.

On one occasion only did Mr. Roden contrive to interest his audience—or, rather two-thirds of them, for Gerald, relieved from guard, gave no further attention to him, but sat clutching his wine-glass, and immersed in his own thoughts—when describing one of the most remarkable circumstances that had ever happened to him as a traveller, which took place on his journey down.

"While waiting at your junction—Coalborough is, I think, its name: if I am wrong, be so good as to correct me—while waiting on the platform, I say, a young person, very black and grimy, with a slimy appearance, produced, as it would seem, by some powerful application of oil, came up and stared at me very hard. He appeared to be a superior kind of stoker, and if washed would have been a handsome young fellow enough; moreover, his expression was far from suggesting impertinence. 'Well, my good lad,' said I—for no one can accuse me of a want of affability, I hope—'what can I do for you?' Then, as I had my hand in my pocket for some coppers, he burst out laughing, and said, 'No, thank you, uncle; I can buy my own beer to drink your health in.' The train came up at that moment, and off he ran—probably to get on the tender—but that he used the word uncle I am confident."

"Why, that must have been Herbert," observed Clare, laughing.

"Perhaps—indeed, very likely," said Mr. Roden, cheerfully. "But who *is* Herbert?"

"Why, my dear Roden, he is your own sister's son," replied Mr. Lyster. "He dined with us at the club when we last met in London, don't you remember?"

"But he wasn't a stoker then, was he? Such a circumstance could hardly have escaped my recollection."

"No, nor is he now," said Mr. Lyster, coldly, for he did not like to hear any depreciation of his favorite. "He is simply at Coalborough to pursue his studies."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Roden, putting up his eyeglass. "He was certainly not in academical costume."

"He is learning engineering, though indeed he has very little to learn; he is a young man of the highest promise."

"But I thought he had £10,000 of his own," objected Mr. Roden.

Mr. Lyster grew paler than ever.

"Yes," he said, "but he is not one of those young men to whom a competence is fatal. He is full of work and energy, and endowed with such talents that, in my opinion, he will find the road to fortune easy."

"Gad, he had oil enough to smooth it," exclaimed Mr. Roden, with a shudder of recollection. "But I am glad to find there is a scientific genius in the family; that is to say, besides this young gentleman here," he added, with a sudden recollection of Gerald's presence.

"Eh! what!" exclaimed Gerald, roused from some gloomy thoughts of his own. "Yes, I'll take a glass of wine with you with pleasure."

CHAPTER XIV.

SEEING THE LIONS.

MR. RODEN'S objection to stokers did not extend to the higher branch of civil engineering; indeed, he had a keen appreciation of the higher branches of everything, and the information that Herbert Newton was likely to make a figure in science made a considerable impression upon him. As a man of the world, he of course had heard many similar prophecies of future greatness, but they had been mostly concerning young persons who had little else but prophecies to depend upon, whereas Herbert, with ten thousand pounds of his own, was voluntarily embracing an unattractive profession, which really looked like fitness. Under such circumstances, it might some day be very agreeable to speak of "my nephew the engineer," and as there was no chance of the young fellow's becoming a burden to him, Mr. Roden determined to cultivate his acquaintance. He was secretly conscious of not having been so very affable when they had met at the railway station, and was willing enough to show himself friendly.

When Mr. Lyster proposed his going over the mill next day, he at once suggested, therefore, that Herbert should act as his cicerone, and a letter was written that very evening to summon that young gentleman to the Lodge.

"It will be more convenient every way," said Mr. Lyster, "as Herbert will be only a volunteer supernumerary, whereas Gerald has his work to do."

And Mr. Roden, who had forgotten Gerald's existence in his desire to make Herbert's acquaintance, observed, modestly, "That was the very thing which occurred to my own mind: the least that an idle man can do is not to interfere with the work of other people." Then, after a pause, "You hinted that Sir Peter had been good enough to offer to show me some of the lions of Stokeville."

"Oh, certainly; you will see him at the mill; and if he doesn't introduce you to the Museum," said Mr. Lyster, smiling, "it will be a very unusual loss of an opportunity to trot out his hobby."

This was not at all the frame of mind in which Mr. Roden wished Sir Peter to show him the Museum, or anything else; he had come to Stokeville as a visitor of considerable social importance, whose reputation had

preceded him, and this off-hand manner of treating him, as though he had been an ordinary excursionist, was intolerable. When an invitation to dine at the Hall next day, however, couched in courteous phrase, was put into his hand, his ruffled plumes subsided, and all was smooth again. His only regret was that his acceptance of it would take him away for a few hours from his excellent brother-in-law (who of course could not dine from home), and his charming niece (who could not be persuaded to leave her father), and "dear George—I mean Gerald."

His reception of Herbert was quite enthusiastic; the oil which he had so much objected to on the previous day seemed to pervade his own speech and manner.

"Now you are dressed like anybody else, my dear boy, I can't think how I could have ever failed to recognize you; but I must acknowledge that—well, that scientific costume, and shall I say raw local coloring? did rather disguise you."

"I looked very queer, no doubt, uncle," said Herbert, laughing good-naturedly; "but at Stokeville we are not ashamed of our working clothes."

"Very right, I am sure; no one need be ashamed of honest labor. I knew what it was to work hard myself, till an infamous government deprived me of the opportunity of serving the state; and I remember I always kept an old coat at the office"—which indeed he had done—to smoke in.

On the way to the mill Mr. Roden introduced the subject of science—a topic of which he knew little or nothing; and though that indeed was no bar to his conversing upon it to any extent, he dexterously drew out the young man on his favorite pursuits, and listened to him with as little interruption as his own natural turn for eloquence permitted. When one has taken a man of genius for a stoker, and offered him twopence halfpenny as a *pourboire*, no self-sacrifice with a view to making amends can be considered excessive.

"To me, a mere looker-on upon men and things, my dear nephew," he began, "it seems incredible that you should have left cotton-spinning, with its assured and enormous gains, for a calling, honorable no doubt, but, dear me! shall I say so problematical? as civil engineering."

"The term is very appropriate," returned Herbert, smiling; "no doubt it is a toss up whether I shall succeed in it or not. But the fact is, material success is not so attractive to me as the indulgence of my own fancies. Even the work at the Junction does not quite satisfy me. I take greater interest in the employment of my leisure hours. Just now I have a new and promising design in hand for a diving apparatus."

"Bless my soul! I have had fancies too, but never in that line. I remember once, as a small boy, going down in the bell at the Polytechnic—at least I did not go down, because my courage failed me at the last moment, but I was very nearly doing it."

"You would have found it very disagreeable, and, as you say, perhaps a little alarming. But my invention supersedes the diving-bell altogether. I make myself—that is, if I succeed in my experiments—quite independent of extraneous aid. No bells, no pipes, no anything."

"My dear Herbert, you astonish me. I do hope, for all our sakes, that you at least take the precaution of wearing a waterproof."

To any one but a mechanician (who always gives his fellow-creatures credit for "the rudiments") this remark would have shown the hopelessness of scientific explanation; but Herbert replied to it quite seriously: "A special dress and a helmet are of course essential; but I flatter myself I have found the means of disposing of the carbon dioxide."

"That, indeed, is most satisfactory," said Mr. Roden, who concluded it to be a salable production, and that the other had found a market for it.

"Ah, I see you understand the obstacle that has hitherto stood in our way. I had long ago arranged for a supply of concentrated oxygen, but what to do with it after expiration was the great problem."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Roden, who could not conceive what more could be wanted for a thing that had already expired.

"Well, at last I have succeeded in absorbing the dioxide gas by soda."

"A capital thing, soda," observed Mr. Roden, approvingly. "I absorb a good deal of it myself."

"But, my good sir," said Newton, earnestly, "it's of course not ordinary soda; a well-known chemical action is taken advantage of."

"Quite right, quite right," interrupted Mr. Roden, who, though feeling out of his depth, and without any scientific appliance to assist him, still floundered on. "Take advantage of everything and everybody. At least, that is, I mean," he added, precipitately, "so far as the rules of morality and—dear me!—gentlemanly feeling permit of it."

Rapt in his subject though he was, even the young inventor now perceived how matters stood, and observed, good-naturedly, "Well, uncle, I am afraid I have bored you with my crude attempts at explanation, and after all, perhaps, have failed to make the matter clear; but I can only say, as I have brought the thing to the experimental stage, that if you would like to try it yourself, the reservoir above Oak Lodge is the very place, and—"

"My dear Herbert," put in the other, earnestly, "it is most generous of you to offer me the opportunity. Under-ground one must go sooner or later, but since the going under water may be postponed indefinitely, I don't think I'll risk it."

The genuineness of this reply, and the naturalness of manner (so far as the speaker was concerned, quite unparalleled) with which it was delivered, tickled his companion's very heart-strings. But it puzzled him to think why Mr. Roden, being the sort of man it was now obvious he was, should want to go over a cotton mill. The truth was, Mr. Roden wanted to do nothing of the kind, but like two out of every three spectators of that industry, was the victim of circumstances. He thought it was the right thing to affect a personal interest in British manufactures, and that his visit would gratify Sir Peter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TURKEYS FOR MARKET.

THAT persuasive lady who said to her docile chickens, "Dilly, dilly, come and get killed," might have spent her words in vain, as far as turkeys are concerned, for the turkey is neither an amiable nor a sociable bird, and is not responsive to even the most endearing of human blandishments. One may read quite a number of pathetic stories in regard to that curious love some animals and birds have for human beings. For instance, there is one about a goose, which appears to be perfectly authenticated. This old goose was absolutely unhappy when deprived of her owner's presence, and her persistent affection partook of the character of a nuisance, for she went to bed with the farmer, and even to church with him. Want of appreciation on the part of the agriculturist, that finer sense of sympathy, prevented his returning her love, and he eventually killed the goose. Let us hope it was a tough one, and that the bird digested badly.

There is not much affection between men, women, and turkeys, and they raise and fatten *meleagris* with the ultimate end of killing and eating him. Now the turkey is a wayward bird, and not exactly domestic. In his early age he is difficult to care for. As chicks they are nomad, and no sooner do they understand locomotion than away they scurry, led on by their wandering mother. If little inclined to ravage gardens, they have a habit of taking bee-lines for distant haunts, which makes them difficult to find. When young, they are exceedingly susceptible to disease, and sometimes scores of them are lost after a heavy shower. If it be perfectly practicable to put capital into chickens, with a limited prospect of a money return, with turkeys it is almost an impossible thing. The farmer and his wife take their chances, and sometimes it becomes a good remunerative turkey season, but quite as often not at all.

Grasshoppers and all insects form a major portion of the food of turkeys, and they are at the proper seasons always in search of insects. When chestnuts are ripe, then the turkey is happy. He knows all the trees on the farm, and will go to them at once. The small boy who on one occasion risked his neck when he climbed the tall chestnut-tree, and showered down the ripe burrs, was hopeful of a rich harvest, but when he came down the tree, alas! a flock of turkeys had seen the fall of nuts, and had gobbled up every one, so that the boy got none. When, in the fall of the year, turkeys look fat and plump, comes killing and picking time. Then the farm is all astir, and speculation is ripe as to dead weights and prospective prices. To prepare the turkey for the sacrifice, he has been fatted some weeks before his demise. You can not pen your turkey with advantage, nor can you cram him, as is the custom with geese.

For feeding him a trough is constructed, into which a paste of Indian meal and water is poured. The turkey does not feed from the ground, but has to lift up his neck in order to take in his fattening fare to advantage. When the precise time has come, when the turkeys' days are doomed, they are driven into the barn. Strategy rather than the exercise of brute force is necessary to effect this. Sometimes a wily bird escapes. Then Bill or Bob, with Sally and Sue, chases the errant gobbler, and there is a fine display of "go as you please." When all the turkeys are fairly cribbed, then only killing commences. There are two methods of taking a turkey's life, though the fatal instrument is the same—the small blade of a pocket-knife. Either the cruel steel is passed directly through the neck, with the edge upward, so as to cut through the junction of the neck and the head, or the point of the blade is inserted in the upper part of the mouth and thrust into the brain. The first is certainly much less cruel, and should be the only one adopted, as the bird then bleeds more freely. Just as soon as life is extinct, the turkey must be plucked. While the bird is warm its plumes and feathers are more easily pulled. Then the farmers' wives and daughters do the finishing, which husbands and brothers had commenced. The oldest clothes are donned, for blood, feathers, and fluff are not pleasant adornments to dresses. A great deal of care is necessary when a bird is picked. The flesh is tender, and a single tear renders the bird unsightly and depreciates its money value. Turkey follows turkey into the kitchen, and soon the usually tidy table and the floor "that you could just eat off of" become littered with feathers. After picking, the birds are weighed, put in a cool place, and just as soon as possible shipped to market.

The turkey season begins about the close of October, is at its height in January, and is supposed to close on the 22d of February. There are always stories of mammoth turkeys, veritable Moas of their kind, but, on the authority of the leading dealer in New York, the biggest male turkey that ever he saw weighed precisely thirty-five pounds without feathers. Hen turkeys at their maximum will turn the scale at twenty-two pounds. Hen turkeys are at their best, in juciest order, in March, April, and May; but the male can be eaten at any time. The primest birds come from New Jersey and Pennsylvania—the finest as to flesh, and the most carefully picked. The wild turkey does not grow as large as the domestic bird, and a wild bird of twenty-four pounds is a remarkable one. If there is a difference as to flavor caused by color of feather, those proficient in such delicate shadings insist that a bronze bird has the finest meat, on the same supposable principle that "a red cow gives the sweetest milk."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A NORTHERNER travelling in the South saw a harnessed team in the field, and the negro hired man sitting on the grass and gazing steadfastly toward the top of a tree.

"What are you looking at?" the stranger asked.

"Does you b'long 'bout hyar?" was the negro's response.

The traveller assured him that he did not.

"Well, den, boss," said the colored laborer, "I wasn't 'zactly lookin' at noth'n' up dat tree; I was just tryin' to hurry up sundown."

Ottumwa is a city in Iowa, of which it is written that the name Maria is so popular there that when a nocturnal cat mounts an area fence and utters its initiatory call, half the windows in the neighborhood are thrown up, and a feminine voice whispers from each, "Is that you, Charlie?"

Two immense masses of ice were seen on October 30 from St. Johns, Newfoundland, drifting at the rate of two and a half miles an hour toward the pathway of ocean commerce between the New World and Europe. One of them stood about one hundred and twenty feet above the surface of the water, and must have been of great depth in the sea. It was at least fifteen hundred feet long, and on it were two ice spires that towered nearly three hundred feet above the water's level. The smaller berg was some eight hundred feet in length, and two hundred and twenty feet above the waves at its highest point. At their fastest rate of waste, they must be formidable bodies when drifting across the track of the European steam-ships.

An Iowa editor was challenged to fight a duel. He promptly accepted, and chose axes as the weapons. Then he issued a supplement and named forty rods as the distance.

If singers and actors of note who periodically arrive in this country are sincere in all that they say to interviewers, it is difficult to understand how they can tear themselves away from this beautiful land for long enough to spend in Europe the money that they have made here.

According to a Louisiana newspaper, Louis Albert Wagner, who committed suicide in New Orleans last month, was the inventor of the term *bulldozer*.

According to the accounts received in the investigation as to the alleged misconduct of the Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, while halting at Richmond in its Yorktown trip, some of the members of that command deported themselves more like Colorado cow-boys than like men from an enlightened commonwealth. A school-girl accuses one of them of having stopped her in the street, snatched a medal that she wore by a string around her neck, and made off with it. There are other accounts of robberies committed upon school-children, and of aggravated assaults on grown persons. These accounts are from special dispatches to Boston newspapers, and can not be classed as due to any prejudice of Southern news-gatherers. The military authorities of Massachusetts have acted promptly in respect to the charges, and if they are sustained, the offenders will undoubtedly be punished.

The authorities prohibited the sale of beer and wines on the Iowa State Fair grounds, and the visitors bought eleven thousand six hundred bottles of whiskey inside of the gates.

Fall poets are quoting the statement that "leaves have their time to fall." There is consolation also in the thought that fall has its time to leave.

On a recent Sunday the preacher in the North Congregational Church in Lynn, Massachusetts, surprised his congregation by leaning helplessly on the pulpit just as he was bringing his sermon to a close. The choir and congregation arose, and the hymn was begun; but two of the women singers fell to the floor. The sexton, who was in the conference-room, started to go to their assistance, but was unable to support himself on his feet, and in his fall he tipped over a settee. Many persons in the congregation who attempted to quit their pews found that they could not walk, and others who were less helpless gathered around them. Somebody came in from the open air, and found that the church was filled with coal gas from the furnace. It had mingled with the atmosphere of the interior so gradually that those in the congregation were not aware of its presence, and were alarmed by its unaccountable effect upon them.

An advertisement was printed in the London *Times* on October 8, asking holders of Confederate States of America bonds to send those "securities" to the advertiser, to be registered, with the view of securing "an equitable adjustment" of the debt represented by them. Therein probably originated the unexplained demand which soon arose in this country for bonds of the defunct rebel government. Charleston, South Carolina, became a centre of dealing in that sort of paper, and the price was soon run up from almost nothing to five dollars for a bond pledging the Confederate government to pay the holder one thousand dollars. It is estimated that these operations put fifty thousand dollars of good money in circulation in that city alone. The *News and Courier* says that a prominent lawyer of Georgia, with whom Judah P. Benjamin, who was a member of the Confederate cabinet, is associated in this matter, is acting for the interests of American holders of these bonds, "who intend to get the Confederate deposits in the Bank of England by litigation or compromise." A bearish influence was exerted on the Charleston market by the report that some enterprising New-Englanders had begun manufacturing duplicates of the bonds with the view of fully meeting the demands of the London market. An interesting question arises as to what offense, if any, in the view of the law, men who should engage in such an enterprise would be guilty of. An eccentric man in Richmond, Virginia, who in the course of several years had accumulated, at an expense of a little more than a hundred dollars, Confederate bonds promising to pay about two and a half million dollars, sold his holdings for over six thousand dollars, and might have got twice that amount if he had kept them a little longer.

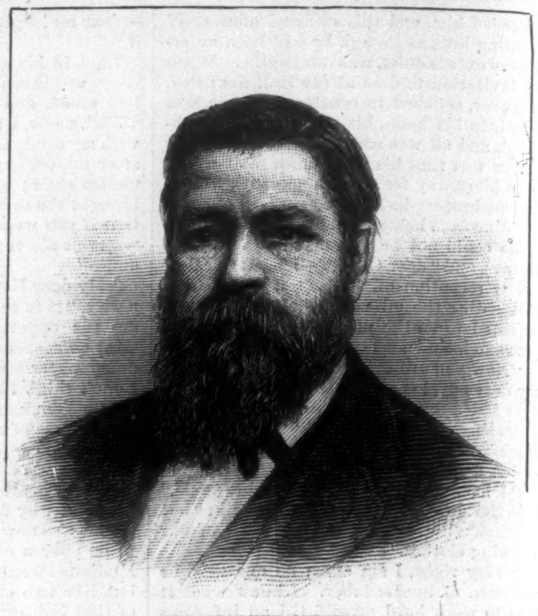
SWEEPING BROADWAY AT NIGHT.

SOON after night-fall a wonderful change comes over the great central thoroughfare of New York. The vast throngs that crowd the sidewalks all day long, the hurrying coaches, wagons, and trucks that fill the roadway and make the crossings a terror to timid ladies and country visitors, disappear as if by magic. Few shops are lighted, and the street lamps afford but a faint illumination for the scattered pedestrians.

Then the street-sweeping machines take possession of the roadway, as shown in our illustration on page 760, gathering up the dust and other refuse of the street, and laying it in a long line on one side. Sweepers, mainly Italians, armed with stout brooms, follow in its track, and gather the dust into heaps for other workmen to shovel into the carts as they come rumbling along. The sweeping machine, drawn by two horses, makes considerable commotion as it rattles over the pavement, and raises an unpleasant cloud of dust; the men who follow work for the most part in utter silence. Most of them pull away at stumpy clay pipes, and conversation is rarely heard between members of the various gangs.

As fast as the carts are filled, they are driven over to the dumping grounds on the east side of the city, where the wide flat scows are in waiting for their unsavory loads. The existence of these dumping heaps is a nuisance to the neighborhood for many blocks around. The air is filled with horrible odors, which in warm weather, when windows are kept open, penetrate all the houses, to the great discomfort of well people, and often with fatal results to the sick. New York is far behind London and Paris in the matter of street-cleaning, and the evil will never be remedied until the people take the work out of the hands of politicians, and give it to honest and capable men.

O. L. BALDWIN, CASHIER OF THE MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, NEWARK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. KIRK.



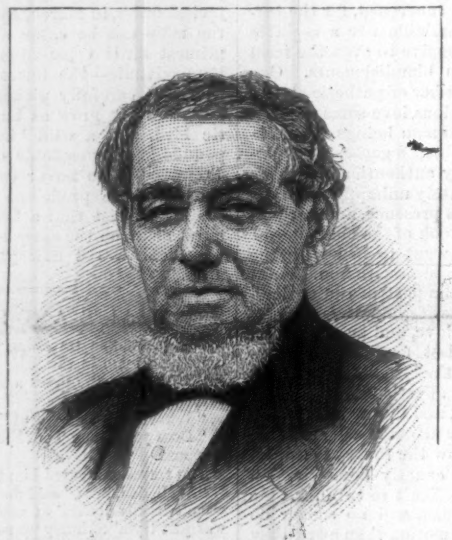
CHRISTOPHER NUGENT.
FROM A PORTRAIT BY EMIL P. SPAHN.

THE NEWARK BANK SWINDLE.

WE have lately had a considerable number of bank robbers arrested and thrown into prison. There seems to have been one of those periodic turns of good luck in capturing these enemies of society. They were all of them very bad men, no doubt, but they had the virtues of their faults, if we may say so. They faced great dangers, took their lives in their hands, devoted enormous energy and much skill to their tasks, and, after all, followed the bent of natures debased by birth and environment. It is well they are in prison, and society may be pardoned a sense of satisfied resentment, as well as of security, in their fate. But what of men like Mr. OSCAR L. BALDWIN, cashier of the Mechanics' Bank at Newark, in the State of New Jersey? Is he any better than the gentlemen in party-colored trousers doing convict's labor in the various State-prisons? Is he not of a class more blameworthy, more mischievous, more detestable? BALDWIN is a man in the prime of life, of good family, a member of the Church—the livery of heaven is convenient for the devil's service. He was a capable man of business, with every opportunity for legitimate fortune, fortified by the respect of his fellows, with every incentive for honest living. He has betrayed a high trust, stolen, or aided in stealing, two millions and a half of dollars, blasted the name of an honored family, thrown into confusion and distress a large part of a busy and industrious community, and brought disgrace and distrust upon the most important and best devised financial system the government has ever founded. For all this what were his motives? No one knows, perhaps not even he, clearly. He does not seem to have had the temptation of extravagant vices, or the desire for ostentation, or the necessities of an excessive social ambition. Apparently his first fault was one of inexcusable weakness, his subsequent career the consequence in part of attempts to recover himself, and in part of a mad infatuation with his facile and ingenious criminal proceedings. But whatever the immediate motive, the underlying cause, or, at least, the indispensable condition, of his long course of swindling was the inadequate conception of the sacredness of trusts, and this is an element in all such cases, and in the whole frame-work of the community, which is only too prominent.

There is no surer test of the essential honesty of a people than the way in which financial trusts and the violations of them are regarded. It is of the essence of the character of an honest business man that he regards other people's money as more sacred than his own. He manages it with greater care; he protects it more constantly and watchfully; he surrounds it with safeguards not only from others' fault or greed, but from his own carelessness or weakness. If he imperils it unwittingly, he guarantees it; if he loses it, he makes good the loss. This instinctive, unswerving fidelity to trusts is the chivalric feature of business life. It ennobles where it exists, and counteracts all the belittling and depraving influences of the struggle for gain. Where it does not exist, business sinks to the lowest level, and all its sordidness, its meanness, its pettiness, comes out. A business man without this sentiment is always potentially a thief, lacking the professional thief's excuses or his courage. Compare, or rather contrast, the ignoble record of BALDWIN with the story of the Firemen's Benevolent Fund in the hands of the late JOHN S. GILES, its treasurer. From 1841 to the day of his death Mr. GILES administered that fund without the loss of a single cent. Prudent, vigilant, untiring, he gave to this work as patient service, as consummate skill, as well directed energy, as to his own interests, and more. He leaves a name that is a priceless heritage to those who bear it, and what is more worth, an example which, to thousands who know it, is like that of the knight without reproach, whose blameless heroism lives in song and story.

But we ought not to forget that it is not in the reverence paid to exceptional integrity that we find the real evidence of the average public standard of character. It is in the general treatment of such crimes as that of BALDWIN, and still more in the general opinion of the circumstances and methods which make these crimes possible. It was not BALDWIN'S rascality any more than the blind negligence, the lazy indifference, of the directors that ate away the assets of the Newark bank. Theirs was as distinct a trust as his, and was in a sense superior to his. Their



JOHN S. GILES, LATE TREASURER OF THE NEW YORK EXEMPT FIREMEN'S BENEVOLENT FUND.

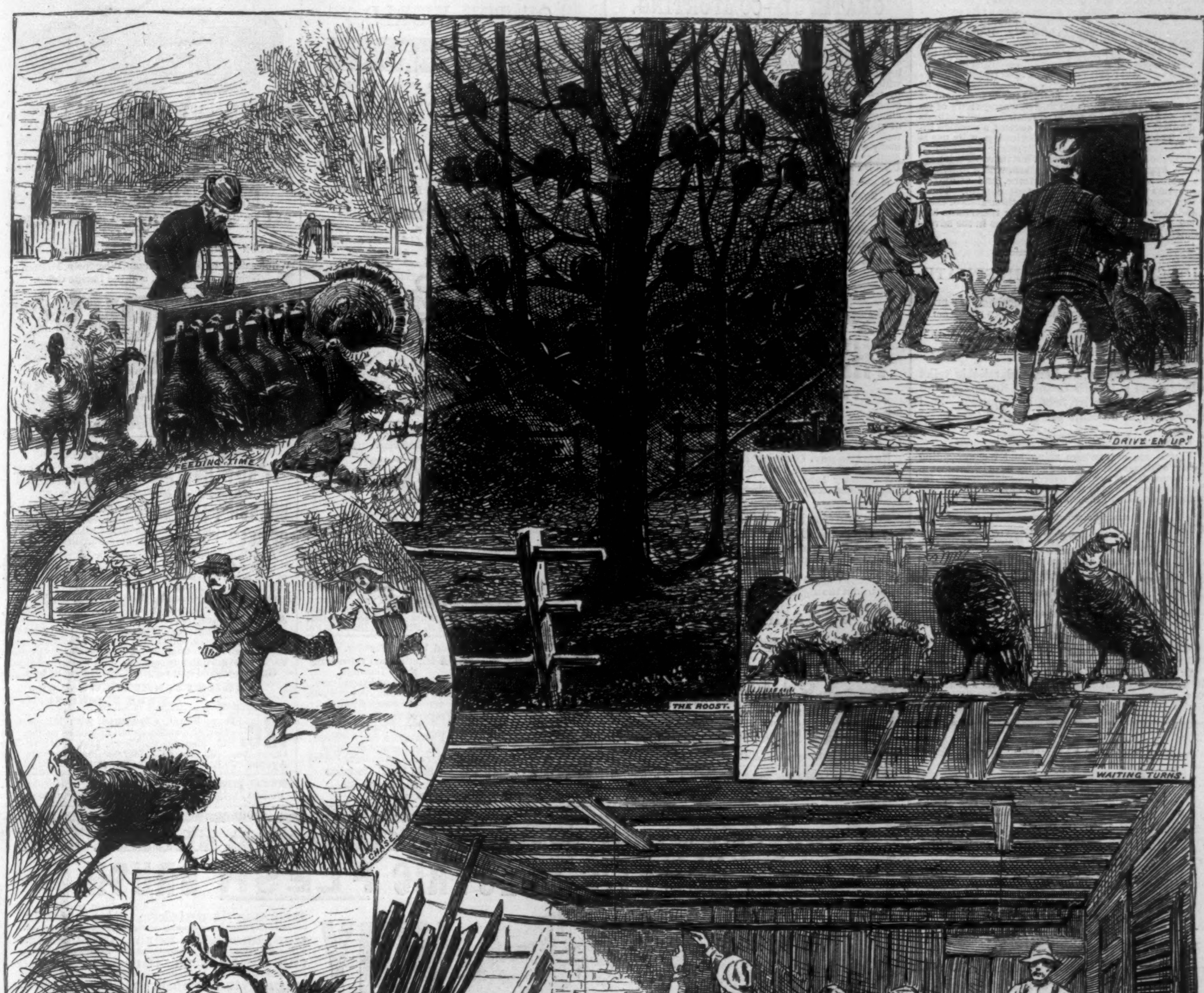
names lent strength to the bank. It was under their shelter that he mined the institution. Doubtless it would have been difficult and unpleasant to verify his statements, to count his cash, to examine his accounts. But that was what they professed to do. If they had not the time or the patience for the work, they had no right to stay where they were. On that bright Sunday morning when their cashier called them together to tell them that he had stolen everything but the bank building, they offered to make up a million of dollars to save the bank. But it is not from a generous impulse that directors' duties must be discharged, it is in painstaking vigilance from day to day; it is in the care and thoughtfulness of detailed business that they can alone meet their obligations.

SHUTTING OFF THE CROTON.

THE recent copious fall of rain has happily averted the danger of a water famine, with which New York was threatened in consequence of the long-continued drought of the summer and autumn; but the lesson of the great peril to which the city was exposed should not be forgotten. At the time when rain began falling there was only a fortnight's supply of water left; and no one can imagine the horrors to which the people of New York would have been subjected had the supply failed even for twenty-four hours, to say nothing of the terrible disasters which would have ensued had fires broken out in the city. The Fire Department would have been helpless; the spreading of a conflagration might have been prevented by blowing up buildings in its track, but a strong wind might have rendered even this measure unsuccessful.

Although this danger is now happily a dread of the past, it is obvious that the present means for supplying New York with water are inadequate to the needs of the city, and will become more and more inadequate from year to year. It has been demonstrated that an unusually protracted drought will put the city upon a short allowance of water, and compel the most extreme measures to avert a complete failure of the supply. The partial decrease in the flow through the city mains, caused by shutting down the gates at the Central Park Reservoir to within three inches of the bottom, as shown in our illustration on page 761, caused no little inconvenience and annoyance, and gave people a slight foretaste of the misery they would suffer should the flow of water have been still further diminished. What happened last summer may happen again, and effective measures should be taken at once to prevent a worse disaster in the future.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL HOSPITAL, WILTON, CONNECTICUT.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.—[SEE PAGE 759.]



RAISING TURKEYS FOR MARKET.—From Sketches by Benjamin McCord.—[See Page 763.]

CONE'S ASTHMA CONQUEROR.

No medical remedy has conferred greater benefits on mankind than Cone's Asthma Conqueror. It masters a disease hitherto regarded as incurable by its subjects and by physicians. It relieves suffering untold in measure and indescribable in intensity. It brings sleep where rest has been long unknown. It adds years to useful lives. It makes existence pleasurable where life is but a continued dread. It confers comfort and hope in place of misery and despair. These remarkable results are accomplished through the perfect adaptation of the remedy to the disease. Failure in the treatment of Asthma heretofore has been due to wrong views of its cause, and to the employment of remedies and methods of application which were to the patient a positive injury. The Conqueror from the beginning of its use is an upbuilder. There is no preliminary depletion to prepare the system for its effects, but its work is immediate. Appetite, sleep, and digestion, where impaired, are restored to healthful conditions, and asthmatic paroxysms are almost under instant control. These are the results it has accomplished in thousands of cases abandoned as hopeless after all other treatments had failed. Send for Treatise as by directions in the advertisement.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A NERVE TONIC.

I BELIEVE that Horsford's Acid Phosphate is a preparation of real merit, and valuable in cases where nerve tonics are indicated.
—[*Adv.*] Horine, Mo. J. E. MORRIS, M.D.

THE most healing, cooling, and reliable toilet article made is Riker's Cream of Roses. Ladies can use it with *perfect faith* in its *purity*. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.—[*Com.*]

WOMEN are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Ginger Tonic, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal.*—[*Adv.*]

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,
And they ate them tops and all
In Maumee;
The babies kicked and squalled,
And mothers spanked them all
In Maumee;
Castoria's cured them all,
No babies now that bawl
In Maumee.—[*Adv.*]

AN agreeable dressing for the hair, that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its purity, supplies this want.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

STEINWAY HALL.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI'S CONCERTS.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 9. Saturday Matinee, Nov. 12
Wednesday evening, Nov. 16. Saturday Matinee, Nov. 19
Wednesday evening, Nov. 23. Saturday Matinee, Nov. 26

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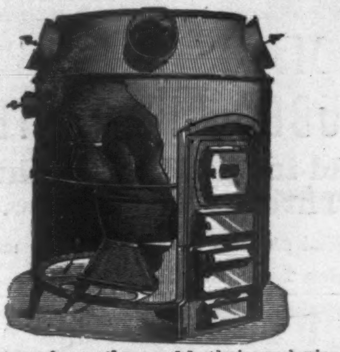

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